

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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THE ALLIGATOR AND THE HORSE

THE UNTOUCHABLES

HOPE FOR INDIA'S DOWNTRODDEN FOLK

Fifty Million Lives for Whom
the Clouds are Lifting

GANDHI'S CRUSADE

The most miserable multitude of people on Earth are India's fifty million Untouchables. It is for them, if for no other reason, that Britain must keep her influence in India.

Though forming a sixth of the whole population of India, nearly a quarter of the Hindu people, they are loathed and despised by those even of their own religion, to whom they are hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Their position is worse than slavery, because their taskmasters accept no responsibility for their well-being.

Benefit of British Rule

The only reason they are regarded as untouchable is that they do for their betters work which their betters would have to do for themselves if the Untouchables were not there to do it for them. This work the high-caste Hindus regard as defiling, so defiling that those who perform it, or merely come from the class that performs it, must not enter the same shop, live in the same village, nor even cast their shadows on their oppressors.

That is the system which has existed in India for thousands of years, and has defied all external influences up till now. But British rule has brought some blessing even for these wretched people. Education is reaching them, and there is the refuge of factory and mining life, and other changes brought by time, which give some degree of independence to those who are in a position to make use of them. Christianity, too, is helping to break the system down.

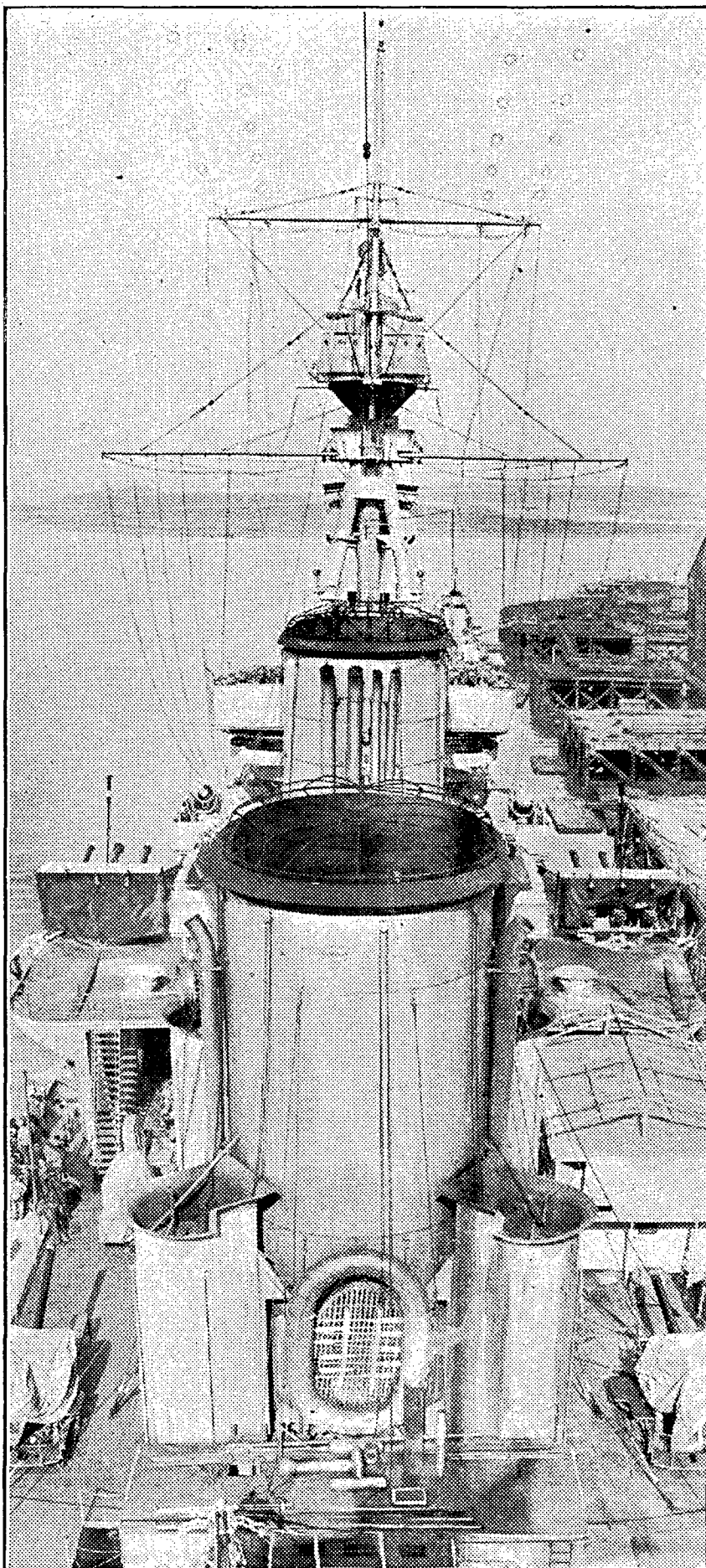
The gospel of the brotherhood of man is a wonderful message to these down-trodden people, and their conversion has lately been wholesale. That has alarmed the Hindu leaders, who have found it necessary to modify the worst features of their tyranny.

Reform in a Native State

But most powerful of all has been the influence of Mr. Gandhi, whose teaching has so much in common with our Christianity. For him there is no Untouchability. He has just been travelling in Southern India, where the system is strongest, and has come to an arrangement with the Government of the great native State of Travancore whereby it is hoped the question of the right of the common people to use the public roads will be amicably settled.

The people have organised a passive protest against their exclusion by keeping watch at the closed gates, exposed to the heat and the rains, and appealing for public sympathy. It is believed this victory will have far-reaching results, and that Untouchability is doomed.

The Prince's Ship



Here is a striking and original view of the battle-cruiser Repulse, on which the Prince of Wales is travelling to South Africa and South America. The vessel, which is one of Lord Fisher's "hush-hush" ships and has cost over three million pounds, is fitted with a squash racquet court, where the Prince is able to take exercise.

HOW A BRAVE HORSE DIED

ITS REMARKABLE FATE

Struggle on the Banks of a
River in Australia

THE TERRIBLE ALLIGATOR

Comet, an Australian horse well known in the Commonwealth, has run his last race. He was killed by an alligator.

The manner of his death was so strange that it seems to belong to those primitive days of the Earth when the horse's fleetness was used by him not to win races but to escape from enemies, and his hoofs were his weapons to fight those from whom he could not fly.

The horse was stretching to drink in the Katherine River near Port Darwin when an alligator seized its nose. In a moment Comet had been dragged into the river and under. But he made a desperate struggle for life. He found his feet in the shallows and strove to rear up with the terrible jaws of his enemy still tightly clamping him and preventing him from making full use of his powers of defence.

A Desperate Fight

The water was lashed into blood and foam. More than once the horse struggled to the shallows and struck with his hoofs at his relentless adversary, tearing out lumps of skin and flesh from the alligator, beneath the armour plating of the reptile's forequarters.

The extraordinary struggle between the two creatures lasted a long time, but not long enough for anyone to give any help that was of use to the brave race-horse; and at last, having been dragged under water more than once and having desperately regained a footing, Comet, weakened by the struggle and the heavy loss of blood, went under for the last time and came up no more.

In the untamed part of Australia's Northern Territory, snakes as well as alligators are rightly dreaded. It is the coast of giant turtles and swimming snakes; and perhaps there are very few other places left on the Earth where so strange a thing as this could happen.

A FAMILY EMIGRATES

Three Generations Go to Canada

A Retford family, numbering 35, recently sailed for Canada to take up farming there.

They emigrated under the Government scheme for settling 3000 British farming families in Canada within two years, and formed the largest family party yet sent out. There were father and mother, and four sons and a son-in-law with their wives and 23 children.

Thus they represented three generations. We wish them much prosperity and happiness in their new home across the broad Atlantic.

FRANCE'S TROUBLES THE ETERNAL MONEY QUESTION

Peasants Who Will Neither
Lend nor Spend

CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT

Ever since the peace was signed, and before it, France has been in money difficulties through not making up her mind to face the taxation necessary to enable her to meet her war liabilities.

Now she is in trouble again and a new government is facing the question, M. Herriot having resigned after being in office about a year.

The trouble has been that every Government has been without the courage to tell the taxpayers the truth, and has allowed matters to drift.

In this latest financial crisis France has been faced with a very curious result of the loss of confidence these tactics have produced. For years the work of restoration after the war has been carried on with borrowed money, because it was said that "Germany would pay," and as Germany either could not or would not pay debt has been mounting up fast.

But even the interest on this borrowing has not been paid out of taxes. New loans have been raised to pay the interest on the old ones, and the rate of interest required to tempt the thrifty peasants and small tradesmen to lend their money to the State has grown, till now it is nearly nine per cent. At the same time, with rising prices, more and more paper money has had to be put into circulation to pay them, a process which has made it worth less and less.

M. Herriot's Appeal

But what is happening now is that the people have got so distrustful that, as their loans to the Government fall in, they refuse to renew them and ask for their money back. Yet at the same time the same people are keeping the money they have, neither spending it nor investing it in business.

What M. Herriot had to decide was what the Government was to do. There must be enough money to allow business to be carried on, and debts cannot be repaid without money. How were the people who were keeping the money out of use to be persuaded to use it? Every remedy is unpopular with someone, and no Government can carry on unless it can find some way of meeting its liabilities.

"The time for illusion is past," said M. Herriot in his appeal. "No miracle will solve the problem of our debt. It is time to appeal for heroism." How sad that that appeal should have been postponed so long!

WHO WANTS A GAOL? Edinburgh is Selling One

Does anybody want to buy one of the most picturesque prisons in the world? If so, now is the opportunity.

For the Calton Gaol in Edinburgh, which overlooks the Canongate and Holyrood Park, is being sold, and Edinburgh does not want to lose it.

The old gaol is an ancient and dignified landmark, and the good citizens of the Scottish capital are not willing that it should be pulled down, although the site is extremely valuable, and an immense price could doubtless be obtained for it.

Accordingly, an attempt is being made to secure the building as it stands for the provision of a large hostel where rooms could be let by the Corporation, at low rents, to single men or women engaged in business in the city. In this guise, the old gaol would change its name and its associations, but its rugged aspect and noble bulk would remain as one of the sights of Edinburgh.

SOMETHING WRONG IN PARLIAMENT

HOW A SCHOOLBOY PUT
IT RIGHT

Sir Walter Scott's Mistake on
a Fresco at Westminster

STORY OF AN INSCRIPTION

A scholar of the Royal High School, Edinburgh, where Sir Walter Scott was once a scholar, has added a footnote to the history of the House of Commons.

In the corridor of the House, where frescoes painted sixty years ago depict scenes in the struggle between King and Commonwealth, is a painting of the execution of the Marquess of Montrose, who strove to raise the Highlands to fight for the cause of the Stuarts. He won some astonishing victories but suffered defeat at Philiphaugh from the Covenanters, and after being taken prisoner was hounded to his death by his old enemy Argyll, and executed on a scaffold in the High Street amid the lamentations of the people of Edinburgh.

What a Schoolboy Saw

This was the scene commemorated in the House of Commons fresco, but, by some odd mistake, the inscription beneath the picture spoke of the execution as taking place in the old Grassmarket, and for two generations the error has gone uncorrected. But last year a party of 200 High School boys were being taken round the Houses of Parliament, and the sharp eyes of one of them detected it. He insisted that the execution took place in the High Street and not the Grassmarket and pointed out that the buildings confirmed what he said.

So it has turned out to be. Sir Samuel Chapman was at pains to investigate the historical evidence, and has found that beyond a doubt the scaffold was erected in the High Street.

Moreover, the painter's fresco made, no doubt, with the aid of contemporary records or possibly drawings, is more accurate than the inscription and does depict the street and not the market.

Gift to the High School

It is supposed that the mistake arose from some chance reference in the works of Sir Walter Scott, who was one of the most fervent admirers of Montrose. Scott treasured at Abbotsford, as among his most precious possessions, the sword that was given to Montrose by Charles Stuart, and with which he fought for the Stuarts till his death. Shards of the blade of another sword were wrought into a steel case, within which was a golden casket that once had held the heart of Montrose, before it was lost in the French Revolution.

Strange it is that Scott, with all his admiration for Montrose should have given currency to a mistaken legend of the place of his death. Stranger still that a boy from Sir Walter's old school should have put things right, and have corrected the novelist's slip. In recognition of the boy's service to the cause of historical accuracy, the old inscription, when replaced by a new and correct one, is to be deposited as a gift in the Royal High School at Edinburgh. So that Sir Walter Scott is responsible for his old school obtaining a gift nearly a century after his death.

A WILD DOG

£700 Damage on Farms

Mr. W. Taylor, of Breakfast Creek, New South Wales, has lately received a reward of £35 for shooting a wild dog.

The dog was very cunning and successfully evaded not only the traps but the drives the settlers made against it time after time. It is estimated to have caused damage to farming stock amounting to seven hundred pounds.

ANTWERP AND THE SEA

An Old Dispute with
Holland

VICTIM OF JEALOUSIES AND QUARRELS

Antwerp, once the greatest port in the world, has for centuries been the victim of a quarrel between Holland and Belgium, and perhaps still more between the Great Powers siding with the one country or the other.

Antwerp is at the head of a wide waterway, the Scheldt, which breaks into many channels as it approaches the sea. But both banks and the islands between being in Holland, the channels are under Dutch sovereignty.

When Holland emancipated herself from Spanish rule, and what is now Belgium remained, she used her position on the Scheldt to cut Antwerp off entirely from the sea and so transferred its trade to her own Amsterdam, and the memory of that injustice has remained with the Belgians ever since, colouring her whole relations with her neighbour.

A Problem for the League

On the creation of the Belgian kingdom after the Napoleonic interlude the Powers imposed an agreement on the two countries which tried to reconcile Dutch sovereignty over the Scheldt with its free use by Belgium. Holland had the duty of keeping it navigable, but did not feel called on to pay the cost, which fell upon Belgium, who, however, could not put a single dredger to work without the leave of Holland.

Now an agreement has been reached whereby each country is allotted its share of the river to keep in order and a joint board of control is set up.

But there still remains the question of the sea channel among the shoals off the Belgian coast, by which the river must be approached by both Dutch and Belgian boats. Holland has always claimed it as hers, but it is in the territorial waters of Belgium by all the laws governing such matters elsewhere—that is, it is within the "three-mile limit" from the Belgian shore.

Why not let the League of Nations settle the matter?

THE GLOBE-TROTTER

Boy of Four Who has Been
24,000 Miles

Johnny Marriott, who arrived at Southampton the other day on the Olympic, had a birthday party on the voyage, for he was four years old. But he has been across the Atlantic no less than eight times, and in the space of 23 years has travelled 24,000 miles, which is equal to once round the world at the Equator and a bit to spare.

Johnny, who is a grandson of Mr. Otto Kahn, the great American banker and philanthropist, and one of the widest-travelled men on either side of the Atlantic, began his roving career when he was eighteen months old, and has been enjoying it ever since. He will soon be off on a fresh journey.

BOAT THAT COMES ASHORE

Queer Sight in Helsingfors

A transport company in Helsingfors owns an amphibious motor boat.

It is used as a ferry boat, but when it comes to land is hauled ashore on a set of wheels running on rails. The strange craft then propels itself a distance of two miles to a railway station, where its passengers can catch their trains.

The very novelty of this idea attracts considerable business, and the amphibious ferry does a roaring trade.

THINGS SAID

The House of Commons
Policeman

WHAT HAPPENS INSIDE A STAR

English education is a limited choice between a Rolls-Royce and a wheelbarrow.
Sir Michael Sadler

There is no reason why a school should be drab and ugly. In it children receive impressions and develop tastes which will influence them throughout their lives.
Sir Alfred T. Davies

The pernicious doctrine that commerce and art are opposing forces has been responsible for much of the evil which confronts us today.
Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith

I meet a number of M.P.s during the day's work, but I should want paying to listen to their speeches.
A House of Commons Policeman

The inside of a star is a hurly-burly of atoms, electrons, and ether waves, dashing in all directions and continually colliding.
Professor A. S. Eddington

The fact that in the next war aeroplanes will attack us controlled by an invisible brain many miles away has been absorbed by the public almost without comment.
Professor A. M. Low

In an excited crowd individuals catch opinions as they catch measles. Reason possesses no such infectious character, yet in the long run it prevails, and emotion is its tool.
Sir Martin Conway

The ordinary man takes very little interest in public affairs until they interfere with his private affairs.
Mr. Robert Lynd

Anyone who goes to theatres or cinemas in influenza times is running a risk.
Dr. C. W. Hutt

Sugar has made Ministers tremble and Governments totter.
Mr. G. H. Roberts

POTATO POWER

Will Vegetables Drive Our
Cars?

ALCOHOL FROM MANGOLDS AND ARTICHOKE!

For a long time men of science have been trying to produce power alcohol from potatoes and other vegetables in such quantities and at such a cost as would make the spirit a rival of petrol.

A memorandum just issued by Sir Frederick Nathan, Power Alcohol Adviser to the Fuel Research Board, tells how far success has been attained.

As regards potatoes the memorandum says it is unlikely that they could ever be grown at a price that would make it possible to obtain alcohol from them for use as an alternative to petrol at anything approaching its present price. But the mangold has several advantages over the potato. It is an easier crop to grow, harvest, and store, is less liable to disease, and as its carbohydrates are in the form of sugar, the process of manufacturing alcohol from it is simpler and cheaper. It is, however, liable to damage by frost, and cannot be grown in the North of England or in Scotland.

More promising is the Jerusalem artichoke. It will grow in almost any kind of well-drained soil, and the tubers can be either stored or left in the ground through the winter. The average yield is about ten or twelve tons an acre, and a yield of 15 to 25 gallons of alcohol a ton has been obtained. The chief difficulty with the Jerusalem artichoke is that it is not easy to clear the ground completely of old tubers when harvesting.

As oil becomes scarcer and dearer, alcohol from tubers will become a more practicable proposition.

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The Children's Newspaper

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HOLLAND AND HER WINDMILLS

QUAINT SIGHTS OF A COUNTRY IN PERIL

A Big National Movement to Rescue Them

WHAT THE MILLS MIGHT DO

Every traveller who has been to Holland will agree that the most charming and picturesque feature of that quaint country is the sight of the windmills against the skyline, scores and scores of them, spinning in the breeze.

Great is the service they have done throughout the brave and stormy history of the Dutch people. For these windmills were not merely servants of agriculture, grinding corn for the daily bread of the nation. They were soldiers in that most gallant fight against the encroaching sea which Holland has waged throughout the centuries, and always with the honours of victory nobly won.

We can understand, therefore, with what dismay many Dutch men and women have realised that, owing to the development of electrical machinery for drainage, the mills are in danger of disappearing.

The Voice of the People

One after another as their work was taken over by the new appliances, they began to disappear, and factories and warehouses stood in their place. Now a society calling itself "Holland's Mills," composed of leading citizens from all parts of the kingdom, has stepped in and organised public opinion against the further destruction of what is so well worth preserving.

It is now certain that most of the old windmills will be saved, and it is worthy of note that in Rotterdam itself an ancient windmill dating from the days of the great struggle against Spain has been left undisturbed in the middle of the street.

Now a distinguished scientist from the University of Leyden has come forward to champion the windmill from the practical side, pointing out that the mills can easily be converted for producing electric power by water, and that if, through war or any other disturbance, or lack of coal supply, Holland should find it impossible to keep her new electric machinery supplied with fuel, the old windmills would come back into their own, and save their country once again as they have done so often in the past.

SCHOOLS AND THE WORLD'S PEACE

Good Work Being Done

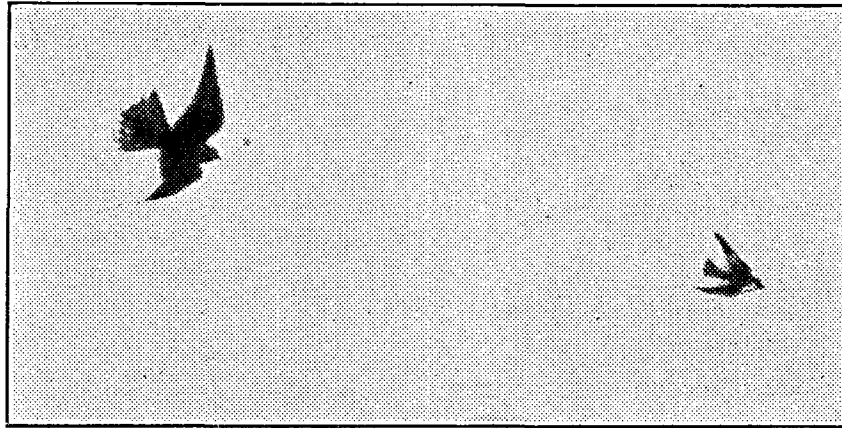
It is not generally known how much interest in the work of the League of Nations Union is being created in our schools.

Junior branches are being formed, the ages for membership being between twelve and sixteen. Lectures are arranged, the simpler publications of the League are circulated, and suitable badges can be procured.

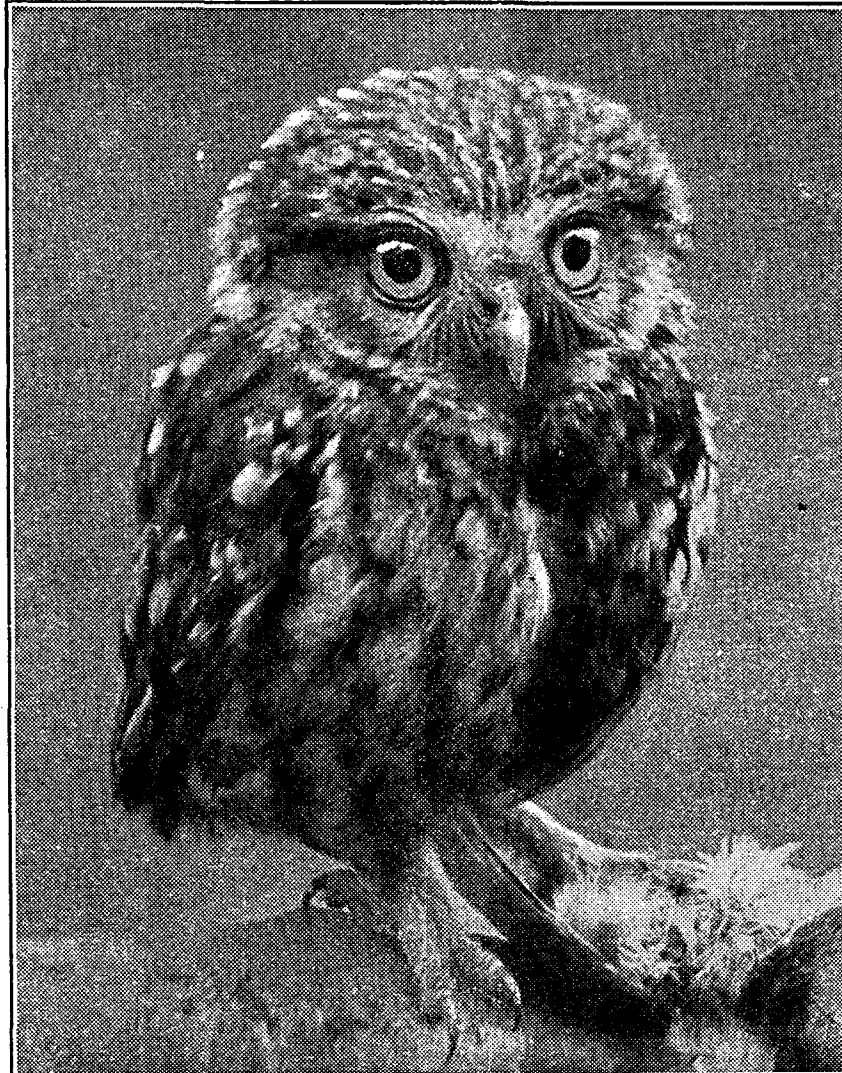
The members are encouraged to correspond with branches abroad, particularly in American schools. The Union promotes essay competitions and pageant performances by members. Very popular are the debates in which those who take part represent certain countries which are members of the League, and try to express their views and interests.

These junior branches are widely scattered over the whole country, and they not only interest the children in peace, and stimulate a wise public spirit, but they make geography real and link it up with the facts of present-day life.

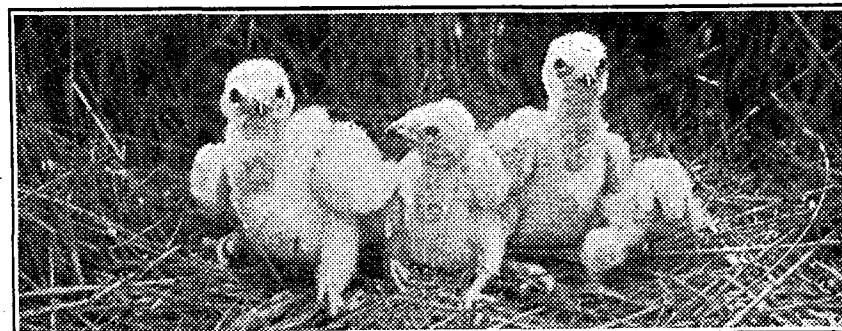
BRITISH WILD LIFE ON THE FILM



A merlin chasing another bird



The little owl, an imported species, which is now becoming a nuisance



A family of Montagu's Harriers, with a small member on the right



The Montagu's Harrier about to brood her family



The little Montagu's Harrier and his big brothers

These fine nature pictures are taken from Captain C. W. R. Knight's splendid film of British Wild Life, "Aristocrats of the Air," shown at the Polytechnic Theatre, in London. The small member of the Montagu's Harrier family, being born later than his brothers, never attained their size or strength, and so had to go short at meal times

SADLER'S WELLS

Story of a Famous Playhouse

CAN IT BE REVIVED?

Headed by the Duke of Devonshire, a number of men and women influential in the social and artistic life of the country are appealing for support to re-establish the famous Sadler's Wells playhouse, standing on a hilltop at Islington. They want to give the North of London a people's theatre like the Old Vic in the South.

Sadler's Wells, long renowned in song and story, was built in 1683 as a music-house by a speculator called Sadler, who reopened a medicinal spring which had been closed after the Reformation on the ground that its miraculous powers of healing led to superstition among the people.

But the curative powers of the spring, which contained what doctors call chalybeate salts, were very real, and it was not long before fine ladies and gentlemen flocked to this delightful country house to share with the invalids the enjoyment of the healing waters, and to listen to merry music.

The Decline and Fall

It was not until 1733 that Sadler's Wells reached the height of its fame, and not until 30 years later that it became a famous theatre, in which the great clown Grimaldi and the great tragedian Edmund Kean made their name. As late as the middle of last century Samuel Phelps produced a Shakespeare season of 30 plays, which established an artistic record never equalled until the season staged at the Old Vic two years ago.

But Phelps was the last of the line at Sadler's Wells. When he retired, in 1862, the theatre declined. London was growing, and Islington was no longer a pleasant village. The centre of attraction was far away, and though Sadler's Wells was rebuilt the new building had no luck, and was closed.

There, lonely and derelict, it remains, and we hope it will be saved.

SHACKLETON'S CABIN BOY

A Special Decree for Scout Marr's Degree

OFF TO THE NORTH POLE

The degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Science have been conferred on a student of Aberdeen University who was acclaimed in 1921 as one of the two luckiest boys in England.

His name is James W. S. Marr, and as Scout Marr he sailed in the Quest with that last expedition to the Antarctic on which Shackleton met his death.

There were two Scouts chosen for the journey, but sea-sickness on the journey round the south coast of England proved too much for one of them, and in the end only Scout Marr sailed. His duties, nominally those of cabin boy, were to do anything required of him, and to learn everything there was to learn without getting in anybody's way.

Now Marr is to go out again as assistant-biologist to the expedition which Mr. Grettir Alagarsson is taking to the North Pole in May. It will be his task to collect and arrange facts about life in the Polar regions in the days of long ago. He came home in September, 1922, for the special purpose of entering as a student at Aberdeen University, so that he might prepare himself for the work he is now undertaking, and the Senate of the University has passed a special decree allowing him to take the honours examination earlier than usual in order that he may join the Alagarsson company of young men on their adventure.

Scout Marr is a tall, big-boned, keen-eyed young man, fit in mind and body, cheery and jovial in spirit, the very man "to go tiger-hunting with," as the saying is.

STAR FURNACES

Twice as Big as the Space from Earth to Sun

WHAT A PROFESSOR SAW AT MOUNT WILSON

In California is an instrument so sensitive that it could measure the heat of a candle as far away as the banks of the Mississippi. Professor Eddington, of Cambridge, described it to the Royal Astronomical Society, when speaking of some recent advances in astronomical measurement.

Two discs, on which the star's heat rays fall, are attached first to the great 100-inch reflecting telescope of the Mount Wilson Observatory, and then to an electric galvanometer. When Professor Eddington was there the telescope was pointed to the tremendous double star, Mira Ceti, which has been found by other instruments attached to the same telescope to be so great that it would fill up all the space between the Earth and the Sun, and project as far on the other side.

Record of a Star's Heat

On the night the professor was looking for Mira Ceti with another astronomer - they were not sure whether they were looking at the right star or not, because it changes a great deal in brightness. So they telephoned to the astronomer in the room where, in a vacuum chamber with a rock-salt window, the recording galvanometer is kept, asking him to inspect the heat record of the star at which the telescope was pointed.

He telephoned back at once to say that it was Mira Ceti beyond a doubt. The heat being received was just what it should be. A remarkable thing about Mira Ceti, which is a variable star, is that it is sometimes ten thousand times as bright as at others, but the heat coming from it hardly varies.

So delicate is the heat instrument that by the use of screens of glass or water or fluorite, which cut out some of the star's rays, it can tell which constituents of the 250 million miles of flaming gas are giving out more heat than others.

THE WATCH ON THE NILE

The Recorder of the Waters

The famous nilometer on the island of Roda, near Cairo, is said to be in danger of collapsing.

The nilometer is the device that has been used in Egypt for centuries for registering the rise and fall of the Nile, and perhaps it is the oldest of all the meters. The Greek geographer Strabo tells of one that stood thousands of years ago on the island of Elephantine near Assuan, where remains of it are still to be seen.

Ever since the dawn of history the people of Egypt have kept an anxious watch on the Nile's flow, for on the river's floods depends the prosperity of their country. The ancient Egyptians used to hold a regatta when the top of the annual flood was reached, and the custom persists.

The nilometer that is threatened was built by the Mohammedan conquerors of Egypt about 1200 years ago.

It consists of a square well, lined with stonework, and communicates at the bottom with the bed of the river. In the middle is a stone column on which ancient Arabic measures are inscribed, and which shows the river's rise and fall.

Nowadays the duty of measuring the water is performed by a sheik.

THE STUFFED DONKEY

A Tsetse-Fly Trap

BRITISH GOVERNOR'S IDEA

In British East Africa a newcomer would be immensely puzzled at seeing near the belts of grass a number of strange-looking immovable donkeys.

They are immovable because they are stuffed, and they have brown paper legs. They do not make very good imitations, but when smeared with something that has a certain penetrating smell they are good enough to deceive the tsetse-flies which settle on them in large numbers and then have reason to regret it.

This is one of the many devices which a vigorous British Administrator, Mr. Swynnerton, has adopted in the Tsetse-Fly Campaign. The tsetse-fly attacks both animals and man, and if it could be persuaded to confine its attacks to the stuffed donkeys, where the natives are assiduous in catching and killing it, all would be well. But this is only a very minor way of dealing with the pest. The East African Administrator has happily been most successful in bringing home to the natives the connection between the fly and disease.

He has succeeded in enlisting their help in clearing by burning many of the grass belts which harbour the fly; and has even persuaded some of the tribes, conservative as they are in their habits and habitations, to move away from unhealthy parts of the country to others where the fly is not rife.

HUMAN CRYSTALS

What Happens When We Use Our Muscles

Among the many remarkable discoveries made recently about crystals is that the muscles in the human body are composed of them.

It is a discovery made by means of the X-rays, which enable us to measure the tiny distances between the parallel planes of atoms of which all crystals are composed. It has already been found that jelly substances are in many cases crystalline, although for a long time such a thing was thought to be impossible; and now comes the news that many parts of the human body are actually composed of crystals, highly complicated ones which can change their form as long as the body is alive.

Some of the most wonderful crystal X-ray photographs ever taken have now revealed the changes that take place when a human muscle contracts or rests passive. We may have seen differences between the tiny hoar frost crystals and a snowflake, both crystallised water; snowflakes themselves consist of all kinds of different crystalline shapes. Something of the same variation in form appears to take place when we use our muscles; and their crystalline character changes backwards and forwards as we stiffen and relax them.

GREATEST MAN FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Who is He?

Who has been the greatest man in the last thousand years?

It is only posterity that can surely know the great dead; it is only Time that can sift the claims to greatness. It is sublimely true that we needs must love the highest when we see it, but who shall declare what is the highest?

In My Magazine for May, now on sale everywhere, side by side with the C.N., twelve names are put forward for this high distinction.

TWO THIEVES WHO TURNED HONEST

But Not for Very Long

Signor Marrot, the proprietor of a small café in the pretty little town of Ventimiglia, on the Italian Riviera, was waiting for customers the other night, when two young men came in and ordered supper.

While he was preparing it he looked through a mirror and saw, to his dismay, that they were leaving the café with a lot of forks and spoons.

Hastily he laid down his dishes, and ran after them. But it was a dark night, and before he knew what had happened he had fallen into a canal running along the street. He cried frantically for help and just in time, as he was going under, two men came and pulled him out. They helped him to the door of the café, and there, in the light of the lamps, he saw to his astonishment that they were the two thieves. Even more astonished was he when they proceeded to hand back his stolen plate.

Full of forgiveness and thanks, he pressed them to stay and accept the best his house could afford, but they excused themselves, and left him with a friendly Good-night.

Afterwards, taking off his coat to dry it by the fire, Signor Marrot missed his watch and his pocket-book!

THE SKULL OF ROBERT BRUCE

What the Professors Think About It

For the skull of the Scottish king, Robert Bruce, the victor of Bannockburn, Professor Karl Pearson has done what other anatomists do for the skulls of prehistoric men. He has reconstructed the man who bore it.

The skull and skeleton were found in Dunfermline Abbey more than a hundred years ago, and an accurate cast was taken of the skull. Professor Pearson says it is a skull of great breadth and solidity, with very strong jaw and chin, but with a retreating forehead. From these traits, and from those of the skeleton, he argues that Robert Bruce was a man of great muscularity and strength, with a bull neck and strong will, and we may suppose him to have been a forceful leader of men. He was, perhaps, only 5 feet 6 inches tall, but he was a big-chested man. His brain was, from its size, above the average.

Professor Pearson describes him as being in descent partly a shrewd Celt and partly a fighting Norseman. Another authority, Sir Arthur Keith, thinks the shrewd persuasive strain in him came from an ancestor settled in Britain 2000 years before.

THE BIRDS THAT FLY BY NIGHT

The Lighthouse Perch

The guardians of St. Catherine's Lighthouse, at the southernmost point of the Isle of Wight, are once more putting the perches on the outside of the lighthouse, above, and below the great lantern whose 15,000,000-candle-power beams have been seen 90 miles away. These perches were first put up some nine years ago at the suggestion of bird lovers, so that the migrating birds should not beat themselves to death against the glass of the lighthouse when they were attracted and fascinated by the light.

Twice a year they put the perches out, in autumn for the birds flying south, and in spring when the birds are returning.

Thousands of birds are saved every year, for, though they still fly against the glass to get at the light, they soon find that there is a perch to rest on, and there they stay and refresh themselves before flying on. Swallows are seldom among these birds, for they fly south by day. The rescued birds are mostly wheatears, tits, and finches.

THE ODD THINGS THAT HAPPEN

Queer Tale of a Picture

WELLINGTON AND HIS HORSE AT WATERLOO

A surprising and curious thing concerning a picture has happened at Liverpool College.

It appears that, while the picture was hanging all the time in the school hall, the Liverpool Corporation were trying to trace it everywhere. This is what a scholar at the College has written to tell us about it.

The picture is by Benjamin Haydon, a painter of a hundred years ago, who is now almost forgotten except for a wonderful autobiography he wrote. It shows the Duke of Wellington beside his horse on the battlefield of Waterloo.

What happened was this. The Liverpool Corporation heard that a letter from the Duke of Wellington to the mayor of Liverpool was being auctioned in London. They thought Liverpool should have the letter, and accordingly they bought it. In it the Duke expressed his pleasure that certain Liverpool gentlemen wished for a portrait of him by Haydon, and said he would do his best to give the artist sittings.

Searching a City

So the Corporation next began to make inquiries about the picture mentioned in the letter, but they could discover nobody who knew where it was. All they could find out was that the picture had been sent to Liverpool; so they had all the public buildings in the city searched for it. Still it could not be found, and a search of several private buildings was also in vain. Finally, however, the picture was discovered a few weeks ago in Liverpool College hall, though how it came there is a mystery.

An odd thing about it all is that a reproduction of the picture appeared the other day in My Magazine with an article about Benjamin Haydon, and our C.N. friend at Liverpool College recognised it as the picture that hangs in the hall, and wrote to tell us this strange story of it.

TURKEY'S C.N.

A Hopeful Beginning

Turkey is starting its own Children's Newspaper, edited in Constantinople.

News of this is brought by Mrs. Maurice Rowntree, of Constantinople, who has just come home to England, to take back to Turkey on a visit Mrs. Joshua Rowntree, the widow of the Quaker lawyer, who was for some time M.P. for Scarborough, and who once made a speech which was the first contribution the Editor of the C.N. ever made to journalism. The journey will be quite an adventurous one for an old lady of 82.

The C.N. of Turkey comes out fortnightly, and has 16 pages. Its circulation is already about 8000. Several of its pages are often printed in two colours, and an attempt is made to copy the contents of the original C.N.

The paper is edited by Madame Zachariah, whose husband, Zachariah Bey, studied journalism at Columbia University, New York. He is keen on promoting popular education of all sorts, and already publishes a weekly and monthly paper and an annual.

Mrs. Rowntree, when she gets back to Constantinople, hopes to be able to get together a group of girls knowing English who will make it their business to translate into Turkish. For the past eighteen months Mrs. Rowntree has been working with Turkish doctors in welfare work. The death-rate among the babies there is enormous, but happily, says Mrs. Rowntree, among the hundreds with which they have to deal, only two have been lost during the past eighteen months.

An auxiliary steam engine is mounted on the after deck of the towing vessel, and the towing cable is wound around a drum, which unreels slightly when a shock such as a heavy sea strikes the ship being towed. The steam engine is then used to reel the cable up again. This device is said to eliminate jerking.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 25 1925

London's Loud Speaker

They are closing the great space under Paul's dome, but still Great Paul rings out his message day by day.

EVERY day, just before one, Great Paul lifts up his voice, speaks for five minutes, and then is silent. For five precious minutes his seventeen tons of metal are sounding over our heads making a dear, melodious din.

We believe it is true that a great multitude of those who pass by never hear this bell. We have some measure of the terrible rush and noise in which we live and move and have our being when we realise that even quite near to Ludgate Hill many people do not hear this monstrous tongue which is powerful enough to wake a whole city. The streets are given over to buses and their hoots, to bicycles and their bells, to conveyances of all descriptions and to thousands passing by.

Amid all this hurly-burly Great Paul lifts up his grand and glorious voice, but because he has nothing to do with Business, even if they hear him, men take little heed. Oh, dear me, no; they have not a minute to stop. On they rush. Then one day their worn-out feet carry them no more past St. Paul's.

In the meanwhile men have starved themselves of beautiful thoughts because they imagine they have no time to think them. They will think them when they retire, when their work is done. It was to someone else, and not to us (they say to themselves) that those words were spoken: *This night thy soul shall be required of thee.*

Most of us forget that life is made happy for us by what we think. Consciously or unconsciously we live under the empire of the mind. We come to realise that when we have made a large income and are bored with life. Someone else has to make our amusements for us.

That is the tragedy of starving the soul for the sake of a timetable. There comes a year when flowers blowing and birds singing tell no happy secrets for us. That is why there are so few tranquil, happy faces in the city, so few remembering that Heaven is here and now; so many deaf and blind before the harmonies and fields of Paradise.

Let us get rid of this hurly-burly, wash its poison out of our minds with long draughts of peace and quietness. Let us stop a minute and think of goodness and charity, and the beauties of the Earth, and the riches of the soul that we may inherit, if we will.

This is what Great Paul tries to tell us every day: *For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



What No Man Can Do

A RUSSIAN journalist whose name we shall never know has yet said something the world will not readily forget. It appeared in a very old newspaper, but became enshrined in someone else's novel.

The journalist was writing on the question of the day, Should Women be permitted to become Doctors, Lawyers, and Politicians? and what he said was this:

I am prepared to admit that women can do everything men can do, and possibly better than men; but the trouble is that men cannot possibly do anything faintly approaching what women can do.

Women have won an unassailable place in public life, yet we still think it is the devoted mothers and the kind old nurses, and the women who do a thousand things of which nobody ever hears, that the world absolutely cannot do without.



One of Us Must Go

Tom and the Warming-Pan

WHEN the famous portrait painter Gainsborough was a tiresome little boy called Tom, who seemed to his relations only clever at wearing holes in his clothes, he went to school under his own father.

Sometimes the boy's grandfather wanted him to run an errand, and then he would send the father a note saying, "Give Tom a holiday."

Tom hated Latin and arithmetic. He longed to spend his whole time drawing and painting. One day he thought of a way to get holidays for his beloved pursuit. We regret to say that the next time his grandfather gave him one of the usual notes Tom made several faithful copies before delivering it. He hid the forgeries in a big copper warming-pan, for it was summer, and the thing was not in use. At judicious intervals he would deliver one of these notes to his father, and then go off sketching.

But, alas for roguery! Someone was taken ill! The warming-pan was fetched down, and out fluttered countless slips of paper all saying *Give Tom a holiday, Give Tom a holiday, Give Tom a holiday.*

The day of reckoning had come!

The Only Things That Did Not Strike

WE like that story in Sir Squire Bancroft's book. A clubman was grumbling because the matches in the smoking-room would not strike. "My dear fellow," said his friend, "don't be angry; they are the only things in the country that don't."

In spite of appearances, we hope the joke will soon be out of date.

Tip-Cat

ACCORDING to one income-tax collector there are many people who have untold wealth.

SOME men who went to a football match were seen to be asleep. They thought the game was a perfect dream.

IT is said that the youth who enters business with B.Sc. to his name usually gets less wages. In commerce things are not done by degrees.

SHINGLING is said to be nearing the end of its reign. And leaving no heir.

THERE may be nothing new under the Sun, but many strange things happen under the Moon.

ONE of the saddest things we have heard of is the case of a man who bought a house in 1924 with money he expected to make by teaching Mah Jong in 1925. He must have said many cross words!

NEWSPAPER headline: Indian brave to sing. So are some of our English vocalists.

THE brown squirrel is sometimes seen in the Midlands in mid-winter, looking temporarily rather blue.

OVERHEARD in a London bus:

Old Lady: Where shall we go to?

Old Gentleman: World's End.

Old Lady: Doesn't it go any farther?

Old Gentleman: No, we change there. It seems far enough.

The Roads

SOMEBODY has been asking if the new roads are not more dangerous than the old. It may well be asked whether our new spacious roads do not breed recklessness where the old roads inspired caution.

A friend of ours was motoring for an hour on a wet and skiddy day, and in these sixty minutes life was imperilled three times. A man walked sleepily across the road caring nothing for the traffic; a motor-cyclist passed on the wrong side; and the driver of a powerful car passed in defiance of a warning from the car in front of him.

What we call accidents are often crimes of carelessness, and the pity is that careful people suffer from them.

Peter Rabbit Comes to Call

PETER RABBIT is going his rounds. He is a magic messenger-boy. This very minute, while you and I are reading the C.N., Peter is scurrying round and (dear me!) what a lot of calls he manages to make!

Every morning Flopsy and Cottontail brush his new coat and say, *Good-bye, Peter, and off he goes, swish!*

He runs up hill and down dale, by the great slow rivers and past little banks where violets grow. Peter knows them all and loves them. The flowers and trees and butterflies call, *Hullo, Peter! Come and play!*

"Can't," says Peter. "Someone is crying, and I've got to stop it."

On he goes. The happy wind comes rushing by and flaps Peter's very grand new coat, and says, *Hullo, Peter! Come and play!*

"I mustn't," says Peter. "Someone is tossing awake all night and can't sleep, and I've got to stop it."

On he goes, along little paths and great high roads. Swallows hanging upside down on telegraph wires see him, and say, *Hullo, Peter! Come and play!*

"Can't," says Peter. "Someone is lying very, very still in bed, aching, and I've got to stop it."

At house after house Peter stops and knocks at the door. Someone says, *Who's that?*

"It's me, Peter Rabbit."

What have you come for, Peter?

"I've come because there are hundreds of little boys and girls who are crying, tossing awake at night, lying still in bed, aching. Aren't you sorry?"

I'm dreadfully sorry, Peter. What can I do?

"This," says Peter. "You can give me a smile and a kind thought and a penny—a silver penny if you can, a brown penny if you can't."

And what then?

"This," says Peter. "Your smile will stop someone from being lonely, your kind thought will cheer them at night, and your silver penny will help to buy a crutch or a soft pillow, medicine to stop the pain, and a chair in a garden by and by. A silver penny if you can, a brown penny if you can't."

Peter goes on. After a bit he stops and puts his wireless to one ear and he hears someone say, "Please, Peter Rabbit, will you come to my house? I have got a brown penny, and I'll have a silver one when I'm bigger."

Then Peter puts his magic wireless to the other ear and hears someone say in a soft little voice, "Dear Peter, thank you so much for the smile and the kind thought and the silver penny from the little girl with brown hair. Please tell her I love her very much."

"I will," says Peter, and off he goes.

Now I will tell you a secret.

Peter Rabbit told me this story himself. If you want to know more about him send a postcard to

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox,
Invalid Children's Aid Association,
117, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

April 25, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

THE CHANCELLOR

BRILLIANT SON OF A
FAMOUS FATHERA Jolly Little Story of the
House of Churchill

THE ROBES OF LORD RANDOLPH

The great eagerness with which the House of Commons is looking forward to the first Budget of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer is reviving interest in the story Mr. Churchill is said to have told Sir J. M. Barrie. It is a family story which will interest greatly all people who are old enough to remember Lord Randolph Churchill, the father of our present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Randolph had a political career of meteoric splendour, swift as it was bright. It was not till his thirtieth year that this descendant of the house of the conquering Duke of Marlborough began to take a keen interest in the Parliament of which he was a member. Then, from 1880 to 1886, he became by far the most brilliant speaker on the Tory side.

Record in Swift Promotion

In 1885 his party came into office with Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister, and Lord Randolph Churchill, who had had no experience as a minister, was made at once Secretary of State for India, one of the greatest of all offices. In 1886, after a General Election, Lord Salisbury chose Randolph Churchill, a young man of 36, for the vitally important post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. No such swift promotion has been known in modern times.

Everybody expected Lord Randolph to do something sensational, and he did not disappoint expectation. He had the power of swiftly mastering any subject that interested him, and though, when he became head of the office that manages the country's accounts, he is said to have understood so little of figures that he asked "what those dots meant" when decimal points were put before him, he soon had the whole country waiting in keen anticipation of his Budget.

The Unexpected Happens

But the different spending departments, such as the Army and Navy, were not willing to cut down their estimates to suit the impetuous Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in order to get his own way he suddenly resigned, thinking Lord Salisbury would be obliged to ask him to retain his office and afterwards support him in his bold designs. But Lord Salisbury was not the man to be hustled. He accepted the resignation and appointed another chancellor, and Lord Randolph was never again a Minister of the Crown. Soon his health began to fail, and his dazzling career as a Conservative leader closed.

Only once did he wear the robes which a Chancellor of the Exchequer wears on formal official occasions. But he kept the robes, and his wife put them away in a tin box, doubtless thinking that a time would come when he would return to his exalted office and need them. That time did not come; but she kept the robes.

His Father's Robes

Lord Randolph had one son, of whom he did not expect anything remarkable. So when the boy Winston left Harrow School he made him a soldier, an officer of Hussars. Later he is said to have asked Cecil Rhodes to give him some appointment in South Africa, "as he would not be fit for much else."

Little did he think the boy would be the writer of his father's life and make it one of the finest biographies in the English tongue; that he would be known throughout the world for his romantic adventures as a soldier; would enter Parliament and fill eight posts as a Minister of the Crown, and then, as the ninth office, become Chancellor of the Exchequer, and from the tin box preserved by his mother take and wear the old robes of Lord Randolph!

WHY THE OWL SEES AT NIGHT

MANY animals see more than we do in the night, although in hunting for their prey they are largely guided by their keen sense of smell. Their keenness of sight in the darkness is still a mystery, but some new experiments have partly explained it.

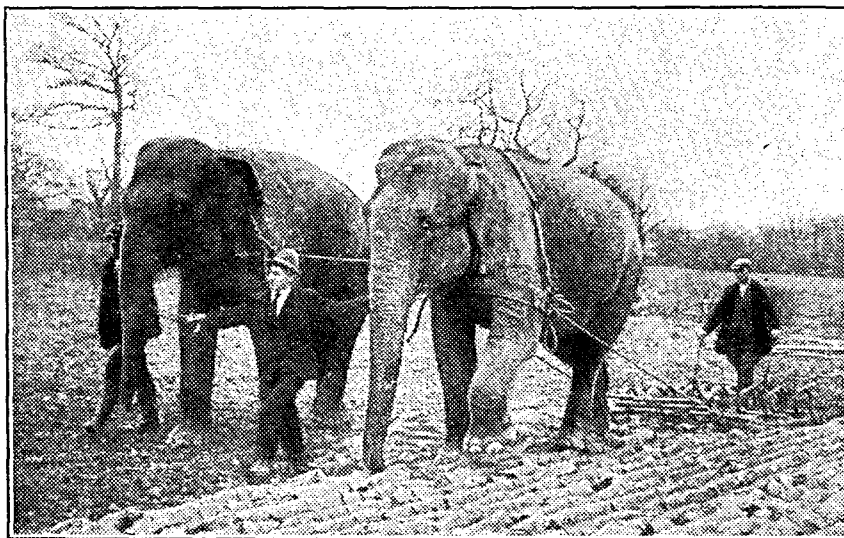
The night owl has no sense of smell, and his hunts for mice and birds are guided by his eyes alone. Photographs have been taken through the eyes of an owl, a lioness, a bear, and a tiger, and from these spectrum photographs Professor Sydney Russ has discovered that the great eagle owl and the tiger have eyes which pass through a great deal more of what we call ultra-violet light than does the human eye. The eyes of

all the animals tested, except those of the ox, allow more of this light to pass than the human eye does, so that here is a difference which may account for the cat seeing, as we say, in the dark.

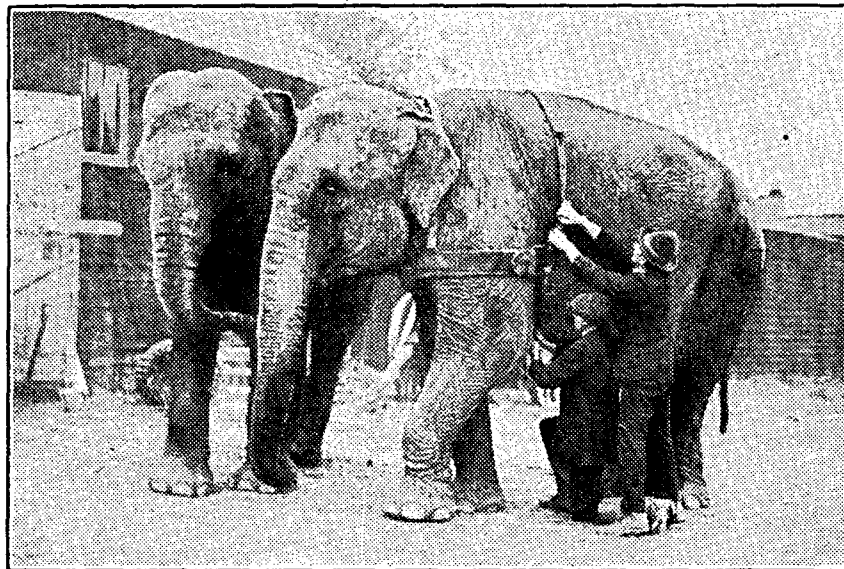
Other experiments recently made seem to show that it is the very deep red rays which enable animals to see at night. These rays are known to exist in the dimmest light at evening time, and have been recorded by photography.

What probably happens is that the retina of the eye of night prowlers is affected by rays of all colours far more strongly than the human eye, and that its sensitiveness is so great that the feeblest rays of even a dark night are sufficient to enable it to hunt its prey.

ELEPHANTS AT WORK ON A SURREY FARM



The elephants draw the harrow



Harnessing the elephants for the plough

These elephants, belonging to a well-known circus proprietor, are used during the winter and early spring months for agricultural work on their owner's farm in Surrey. It is certainly a remarkable and unusual sight for England to see them drawing the harrow and plough over the land.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Nearly 125,000 people from 64 nations emigrated to Canada last year.

One of the largest power stations in the world will be opened by the King at Barking in May.

Voburg Remembers Him

In the German Presidential election the little village of Voburg gave four votes for the Kaiser.

Rare Happening at Lisbon

Snow has fallen on Mount Estoril, near Lisbon, for the first time within living memory.

Sixty Years After

When an old couple celebrated their diamond wedding at Wallsend not long ago the old lady wore the dress in which she was married in 1865.

Adventure at Flamborough Head

A young man who was cut off by the tide at the foot of Flamborough Head was rescued by a coastguard, who was lowered over the cliffs with ropes.

There have been over half a million street accidents in London since 1914.

There are now 344,000 Girl Guides and Guiders in the British Isles, 27,000 more than last year.

Europe's Finest Laboratory

Sweden expects shortly to possess the finest laboratory in Europe for experimenting with road materials.

An Engine a Day

The L.M.S. Railway is building new engines at the rate of one for every working day this year.

The Man Who Went Back

A Maidstone man who was released for a day from a London prison to attend his son's funeral kept his parole and returned immediately.

A Walking Centenarian

Until quite recently, Mrs. Raine, a Yorkshire lady, aged 102 years, walked several miles a day. She is the widow of a Wesleyan minister.

THE CLEAN WAY TO
BETTER THINGS

HOPEFUL SIGNS IN INDIA

Home Rule Leader's Strong
Declaration Against ViolenceHONOURABLE EQUALITY
IN THE EMPIRE

It has been sad to watch the quarrels in India by which the attempt of the British Parliament to find a way of training the people to govern themselves has so far been very largely defeated.

It would have been so much more satisfactory if there had been whole-hearted cooperation enabling us to hasten the day of complete self-government. It really seems, however, as if better times were coming at last.

Mr. C. R. Das, the leader of the Swarajist (Home Rule) party, has issued a manifesto asking for a better understanding on both sides. Once, when some young men in Bengal tried to help the Home Rule cause by murdering British officials, Mr. Das made the grave mistake of praising their motives though condemning their actions, and so made it possible for people to say that the Swarajists justified murder as a political weapon. Further misunderstandings have arisen owing to the strong opposition Mr. Das and his friends have offered to the measures the Government thought necessary to put down the murder gangs.

Opposed to Violence

Mr. Das now says he wishes to make it clear that he has no sympathy whatever with violence from whatever quarter it comes. He says:

I am opposed to violence in any shape or form. It is absolutely abhorrent to me and my party. I consider it an obstacle to political progress. It is opposed to our religious teachings. I feel certain that if violence is to take root in the political life of the country it will be the end of the dream of Swaraj for all time.

Nothing could be clearer or more emphatic. To Young India Mr. Das says: "Fight the battle of Swaraj, but fight it cleanly; let there be no stain on the escutcheon of our cause." And to the Europeans in India he says: "Do not misunderstand us. Lay aside unjust suspicion. Do not support Government repression and thus help to install violence as a permanent method in our political life."

"We are determined to secure Home Rule and political equality for India," says the Swarajist leader, "on terms of equality and honourable partnership in the Empire."

That is the ultimate aim of both sides, but we must remember that education for government must come before the power to govern. Even the Swarajists will find it difficult to stop crime without "repression" of some kind.

SAFETY AT SEA

Japanese Sailors Ask for
Wireless

The Japanese Sailors Union is not satisfied with the fact that Japan now appears third in the list of the leading maritime nations of the world, her vessels, over 100 tons, numbering 2020, with a total tonnage of 3,386,918 tons.

The reason is that the loss of Japanese boats by accident is greatly in excess of that suffered by the United States, France, Norway, and Spain, and is over three times that of England, whose record for safety is the best. The Sailors Union, therefore, has petitioned the Japanese Minister of Communications for a law to be passed requiring all ship-owners to equip their vessels with wireless. Nothing has done more in recent years to save both life and property at sea than the possibility of calling in aid by means of S O S messages

HUNGARY'S OUTLOOK

CITY SPLENDID IN A POOR STATE

Clever Country Folk Who are Bringing Back Prosperity

THE LEAGUE'S HELP

By a Travelling Correspondent

Budapest is one of the most beautifully situated cities in Europe.

Buda, on the right bank, rises steeply from the river, and to get up to the royal palace and the official quarter you must mount many steps cut out of the rock, or go up a little funicular railway. From this vantage point, or, better still, from the top of the "rock of Buda," now called the Gellert mountain, because Saint Gellert is supposed to have been hurled from the summit to his death, there is a beautiful view of the broad Danube, the city of Pest, the lovely Margaret island, and up the river the hills which guard the right bank.

A Hopeful Outlook

Budapest, like Vienna, is rather too large and splendid a city for the little country of which it is now the capital. For Hungary is only about one-third of the size of pre-war Hungary, and hardly needs all the big banks and business offices, and the great government buildings of Budapest. The splendid city is, in fact, the capital of a little agricultural State, now poor, and only rescued from disaster by a League of Nations loan, as Austria was.

Nevertheless, the soil is very rich and the country people are among the cleverest agriculturists and stock-raisers in the world, so that one day Hungary will be prosperous once more. Indeed, when there is a good harvest the country people are prosperous now, though the way in which they work and the method by which they are paid are as different from our way of life as it is possible to imagine.

Well-Kept Estates

The peasant with his own little farm lives here much as he does in other countries, except that in remote districts he has very primitive ways of doing things, and you may still see the oxen treading out the corn. But Hungary is also a country of great estates, many of them very modern and well-kept, with tractors and light railways and everything scientific and up-to-date.

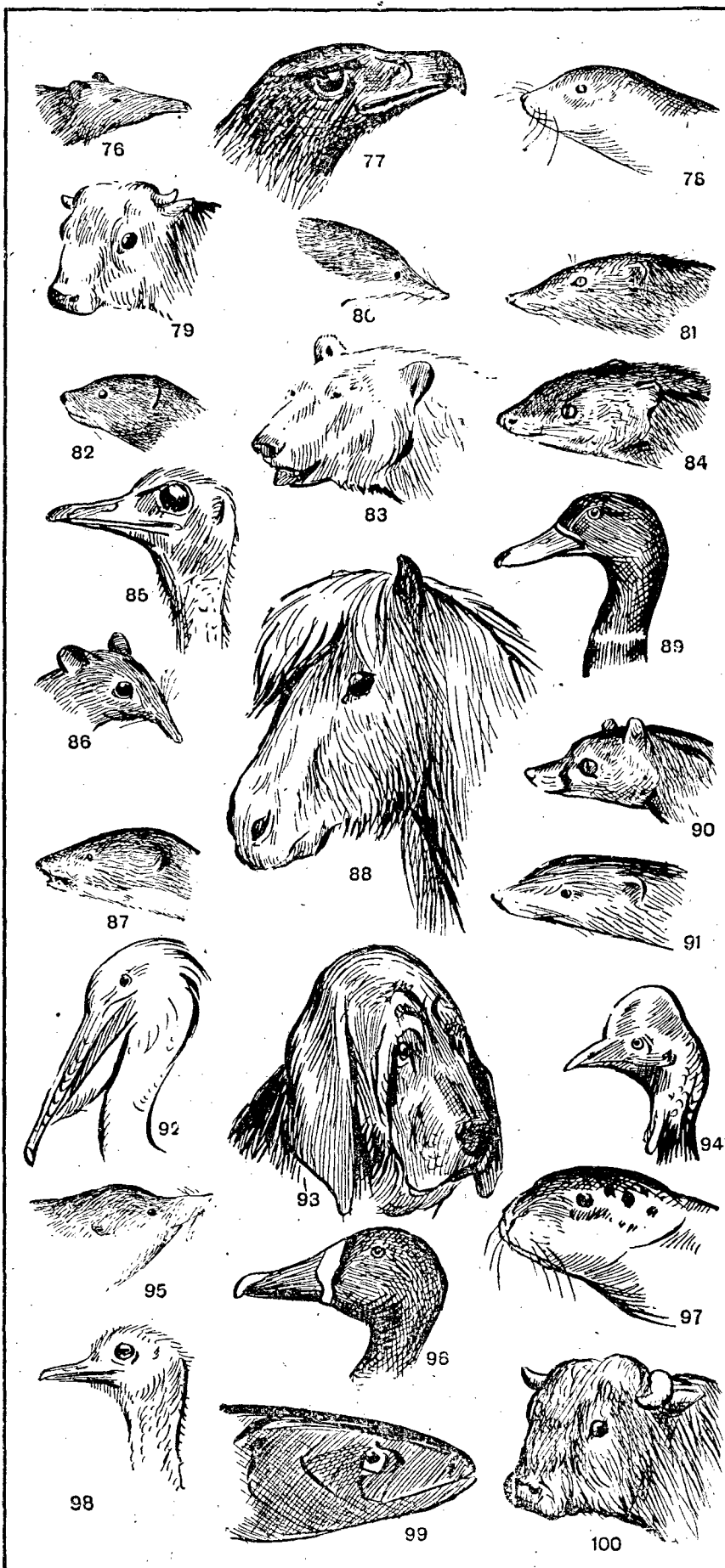
But even there the people live differently. The regular workmen are not paid so much money a week, but they get fixed quantities of wheat, beans, milk, and other things which they can sell if they like, and a certain amount of money. Sometimes they have a tiny bit of land they can till for themselves.

Boy and Girl Workers

For the harvest work parties of labourers come and settle on the fields, rigging up the most primitive shelters imaginable. These casual labourers and their wives and children seem to live a very rough life, and at the end of winter, before the spring work comes along, they are sometimes short of food. But on the whole they are much better off than people in the towns.

There many people are so poor that they send their children into the factories at the age of twelve, which is permitted by law. So the Save the Children Fund have set up in Budapest workrooms where boys and girls may go and do handicrafts in the morning and lessons in the afternoon in pleasant, airy rooms. They are paid a small sum, to make it worth while to send them.

100 HEADS: £100 FOR THEIR BODIES



HERE is the fourth and last set of animal heads in our great Natural History Test. The earlier sets have appeared in the three preceding issues of the C.N. Each week during this period the Children's Pictorial has published sets of bodies which correspond with the heads in the C.N. What you have to do is to make a list, in ink, in columns of numbers from 1 to 100 for the C.N. heads, and then to put in a second column the number of the body in the C.P. for each head. No names are wanted. Thus: C.N. C.P. and so on. The eagle's head, which is number 77 in the C.N. obviously belongs to the eagle's body which is number 78 in the C.P. In addition to the first prize of £100 for the reader of either paper who can most correctly identify the bodies belonging to the heads, there are the following prizes for the readers next in order of merit—a second prize of £10, and fifty prizes of £1 each.

With each set of pictures a coupon has been published, and these coupons must be sent

with each entry—four C.N. coupons and four C.P. coupons. When your list is complete paste on the coupons, after having filled in your name and address on this week's coupons from both C.N. and C.P. Then post to C.N. and C.P. Test, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4, to arrive by May 6.

In the event of a tie the Editor reserves the right to divide any or all of the prizes. There is no age limit. No lists can be returned, and no correspondence entered into. The result will be published in the C.N. and C.P. Employees of the proprietors of the C.N. and C.P. are not eligible to compete.

C.N. Natural History Coupon No. 4

I enter this Natural History Test and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Signed.....

Address

THE GREAT OPERA HOUSE

Paris Keeps its Jubilee

MOST FAMOUS THEATRE IN THE WORLD

By Our Paris Correspondent

This is the Jubilee year of the French Republic; it is also the Jubilee year of the famous Opera House of Paris, the finest pleasure-house in the world.

It is never by its size that we are struck at the sight of this great place, for the most wonderful harmony pervades the whole building. If the Opéra does cover so great an area, it also rises up to a proportionate height, being in this way comparable to Saint Peter's, whose immense expanse the eye does not realise owing to its perfect proportions.

When the architect of the Opéra, Charles Garnier, was entrusted with this great task he wished to create a new style. It was in the time of Napoleon the Third, and both the Emperor and the Empress joined in the opposition, especially the Empress, who exclaimed at the sight of the plans: "But what style is this? It is no style at all! It is neither Greek nor Roman, nor Louis the Fifteenth, nor Louis the Sixteenth."

Architect and Empress

Garnier was no courtier. "No," he answered, "no; those styles have had their day."

"Then, do you mean, Sir, that our Opéra is to have no style at all?"

"I mean to create a Napoleon the Third style; that is all, and your Highness objects!" the architect said.

The gentlemen-in-waiting trembled. Everyone looked askance.

"Don't worry," murmured a voice in the architect's ear; "she knows nothing of what she is talking about."

The strained situation did not last very long, for soon Garnier was invited to the Court at Compiègne and the Empress said to him: "I know that I was unkind to you that day, Monsieur Garnier. I regret it now." To which Garnier, trying to play the courtier, and to agree with Her Majesty for once, answered: "Oh, yes, your Highness was rude indeed!"

Perfect for Music

The artist's plans for the Opera House were twofold: to incorporate into that immense mass of stone the spirit of the time, and to make it a perfect place for music. Napoleon's Court loved sumptuous galas, endless pageants, fabulous stage effects; they loved imposing groups of choirs and orchestras as well as space and ease. Garnier gave them both comfort and ornamentation. His building stands on a metallic base weighing a thousand tons. It is a wonderful building, a richly decorated palace; and in it there are no poor seats; everybody can see and everybody can hear from any floor.

WONDERFUL BUYERS

Australia Our Best Customer

Australia may not have many people, but it buys very many things.

An Australian statesman has been pointing out some remarkable facts about the shopping Australia and New Zealand do with Great Britain.

It is surprising to learn, for instance, that last year Australia and New Zealand, with seven million people, bought more from us than China and Japan, with 500 million people. They bought more than all Africa did, or more than all Central and South America together.

And the remarkable thing about it is that a hundred years ago Australia and New Zealand were hardly known.

ARAB HALL IN LONDON

AN ARTIST'S BEAUTIFUL HOME

The Famous Leighton House Saved for the People

KENSINGTON SEIZES ITS OPPORTUNITY

One of the most remarkable of the modern homes of England has been secured for the public. The Kensington Borough Council has bought the home of Lord Leighton.

Leighton House was more than the home of Frederick Lord Leighton for the last thirty years of his life; it was his secret treasure store, his museum of the kind of art he loved. Lord Leighton lived from 1830 to 1896. He was a painter and sculptor of great renown in his day; he became president of the Royal Academy and was so much thought of as to be given burial in St. Paul's.

It is the fashion in these days to look down on the art of the last century. In another generation people will be looking back with great interest on the work of nineteenth-century artists. Leighton House will present to them a very fine aspect of the ideals of a man of genius.

Marble and Gold

It stands in a spacious garden in Holland Park Road and the passer-by knows at once that something unusual is here. If he happens to be interested, and the day is Saturday, he will find himself a free visitor in Lord Leighton's home. Other days he will be charged a fee of a shilling for sake of the upkeep of the house.

Through the inner entrance hall, with its marble and gold columns, the visitor passes on into the blue walled twilight corridor. On either side are plaques from Damascus, nearly four hundred years old, framed in blue tiles made by William de Morgan. The rich gloom suddenly gives way to the marvel of the Arab Hall.

Splendours of East and West

Here we see evidences of Leighton's great love for Moorish art and rich, Eastern effects. Light comes down through the richly-coloured glass of the domed roof on to a sparkling fountain that stands in the centre of the hall. The basin is of black marble, decorated with wonderful Moorish tiles. Round the walls runs a mosaic frieze, the handiwork of Walter Crane.

Here is one of the charms of Lord Leighton's little palace of art. Past and present, East and West, join to make its splendours. It is no small tribute to the skill with which it was planned that decorations from such varied sources should fall into one harmonious whole.

Lord Leighton died unmarried and his property was left to the care of his two sisters. On their death Mr. and Mrs. Russell Barrington became trustees for the house.

Kensington's Chance

Some years ago it was suggested that Leighton House should become the property of the nation. The plan fell through. Then the Leighton House Association was formed for the promotion of art, music, and literature. Concerts and lectures were given in the house. The income has not been equal to the expenditure. Mrs. Russell Barrington has been at a loss of £300 yearly and felt she could no longer bear the strain. Once more, under very favourable conditions, Leighton House was offered to the nation, and the Borough of Kensington has accepted the offer. We are glad that Leighton House has been kept for England and not allowed to be sold piecemeal, its treasures scattered to the four winds of heaven.

THE DARK DAYS OF THE WORLD

BITTER TRAIL OF THE WAR

Heroes Whose Sight is Slowly Fading Away

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

Many readers of the C.N. cannot remember the Great War at all; we are glad they cannot.

Its dreadfulness did not exist for them. They may have a dim memory of the tumult, the shouting and the flags flying when peace came, but they know nothing of the horror of those four fearful years.

Yet if they keep their eyes and hearts open they will see people who are a sad reminder. In their lives the bitter trail of the war is dragging itself out.

Since the Armistice, nearly six years ago, over six hundred men have gone slowly blind.

A Great Sad Army

Never again will they be able to see. It is useless for them or their friends to cherish any hope. At St. Dunstan's Hospital, the headquarters and home of the great sad army of the blind, it is said by the cleverest scientists of the age that the Great War has not yet finished its ghastly work. For ten, fifteen, or twenty years yet the army of blind ex-soldiers will grow.

This army of St. Dunstan's blind, soldiers who have passed through the hospital and are still cared for by it, numbers about 2100 men. We are reminded of them now and again, but for the most part they stay out of sight, hidden from the busy world.

Thus it is that heartless people say when asked to buy a flag for noble St. Dunstan's, "What, still another flag day? I thought the war was over."

Men and women forget very soon. They gave a penny last year for the blind ex-soldiers and forget that they are still blind this year. Let us all try to remember.

Learning to be Blind

These poor fellows have to drag out their lives somehow. Like everybody else, they want to be doing something.

First of all they have to learn to be blind. That takes some doing, as one might say. They have to learn to get about, dress, eat their food decently. At first their fingers are all thumbs, clumsy as thickly-gloved hands; they slowly become more sensitive, so that presently, after months of patience, these blind fingers can see a person's face, read the Braille books.

Then there are many things that the blind men can learn—basket-making, weaving, shoemaking, and other trades. They are spared the horror of being a burden altogether on other people. At first they must be a heavy burden.

What St. Dunstan's Needs

Who is to teach them to be blind, to work? They cannot teach themselves. If we think a little we can see why St. Dunstan's is always asking for help. We understand that it needs £200,000 a year in order to look after its great blind family.

It has already become a joke with some to say "What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?"

Daddy has medals, souvenirs, things to show. Perhaps, thank God! he goes hale and hearty through his life. But the others? Let us think of them and keep their memory green and their honour bright; and let us be proud to give a little of our substance to help their great need.

A NEW TEXTILE MATERIAL

Wool From the Pine Tree

German scientists have discovered a way of turning the long, slender spines of the Scotch fir into something so closely resembling wool that it can be used as a wool substitute.

The needles are gathered every second year while still green, and the resinous substance is then dissolved by boiling with chemicals. Only the fibres are left, and these are easily separated and cleansed from all other matter.

The resulting product is a woolly substance, the best quality of which can be spun into threads as strong as hemp, and woven into carpets and blankets. The coarser qualities are used for stuffing mattresses and have proved immune against destructive insects such as the clothes moth.

There are great expectations of this new invention, which has been well tested, and large plantations of Scotch firs are being cultivated in Germany. The trees are not injured by the gathering of the leaves every second year.

OLDER THAN TROY

Red Indian City 3000 Years Old

We think of America and her peoples as "new" beside those of Europe and Asia. But even in Asia a city 3000 years old must rank as prehistoric, and Americans have just discovered the remains of such a city in the Far West, this side of the Sierra Nevada.

That is the traditional date of the siege of Troy, some hundreds of years before authentic history begins. Yet this city in Nevada is attributed to a Red Indian race still living in the western uplands—the Pueblos. Even today they live in great communal buildings several storeys high, made of adobe—stone and sun-dried clay.

Adobe and stone slabs are the material used in this three-thousand-year-old city buried in sand. The buildings run in a continuous line, six miles long and half a mile wide, and are believed to have housed some 20,000 people.

Myriads of pieces of broken pottery, strewn everywhere, point to the hope that excavation will unearth ceramics, telling something of their makers.

THE WAY OF THE SWALLOWS

Across the World to Nest

More and more we are getting to know about the travels of the wild birds, but many will be surprised to learn how carefully ornithologists are studying their migrations.

During the last 16 years Mr. H. F. Witherby, of 326, High Holborn, London, has carried on a campaign in which 145,000 birds have been marked. A small aluminium ring is attached to one leg, and the bird is then released to carry the news of its adventures about the world. Thousands of them are expected back in England this spring.

During our winter the swallows go as far afield as the Cape, and numbers of them marked with rings in England and Scotland have been discovered in South Africa. It has been found that swallows often return thousands of miles to the same eaves in England to nest.

It will help on this fascinating study if anyone finding a ringed bird will inform Mr. Witherby of the number on the inside of the ring, and the place and date of finding the bird.

MINERS AS MINISTERS

In Notts villages which are without clergymen, the Bishop of Southwell has taken a number of rooms where laymen, including miners, and also some women, minister to the people.

SATURN AT HIS NEAREST

WONDERS OF THE RINGED PLANET

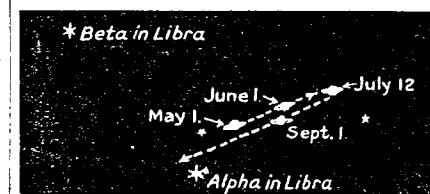
The Vast Canopy of Cloud that Veils a World

WHERE STARS ARE NEVER SEEN

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Saturn will be at his nearest to the Earth for this year on Friday next, May 1. He will then be 821,280,000 miles away, and in *opposition*, as astronomers say; that is, at almost exactly the opposite part of the heavens to the Sun, as viewed from the Earth.

Saturn is therefore at his brightest, though for several weeks any diminution of his brilliance will be scarcely perceptible; for the increasing distance will be comparatively small, amounting



Path of Saturn for the next five months

to about 10 million miles at the end of May; but by the end of June Saturn will be some 865 million miles away.

His position in the heavens was indicated in the C.N. of April 4 last, his apparent path among the stars being to the right until July 12, as shown in our star map. His retrograde motion will then cease, and the planet will begin to travel direct; that is, to the left, or eastward.

This path traced by Saturn in the heavens is due chiefly to the perspective resulting from our world's motion in her own orbit.

The third-magnitude star to the south-east of Saturn, is Alpha in Libra.

Though Saturn is always a sublime object to gaze at through the telescope, owing to the varying aspects of his marvellous rings and his retinue of satellites, ten in all, his is a world upon which only rarely anything appears to happen.

One reason is that Saturn is for ever enveloped in a tremendous blanket of clouds through which any possible inhabitants never get a glimpse of the glorious Universe beyond. The evidence so far points to the fact that dwellers on Saturn, if there are any, would be in ignorance of the existence of the Sun, our world, and even the glorious rings so close to them, and, of course, all the moons. All they would experience would be occasional dark shadows sweeping across their cloud-laden skies, when one of the satellites eclipsed the Sun—a rare event; or long periods of gloom, in some parts lasting upwards of five years, when the ring's "cloud" of particles interposed an additional cloud layer to screen the Sun's light. The Sun, by the way, appears only about one-tenth the diameter that he appears to us.

Tornadoes in the Clouds

However, there are, on rare occasions, eruptions in this cloud layer which take the form of great tornadoes. These are visible from the Earth as bright spots that travel much as the more distinct ones do on Jupiter. Their speed varies according to their latitude, being greatest the nearer they are to the Equator. This indicates that, as in the case of Jupiter, Saturn's cloud belts travel at slightly different speeds.

What is beneath those cloud belts is probably never seen, but the latest research indicates an intensely hot world in which the elements which on our Earth form water are on Saturn existing as steam or vapour, which forms an impenetrable veil. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Jupiter in the south-east. In the evening Mars in the west, Saturn in the south-east after 5.30 p.m.

A Thrilling Story of the Arctic, by John Halden, Begins Next Week

THE WIZARD OF KANDARA

A Story of Adventure
in Wildest Africa

Told by Major
Charles Gilson

CHAPTER 34 The Last Ditch

THROUGHOUT the greater part of the day the combat had raged around the Palace walls.

Punhri had a great force of priests and civic soldiers under his command. From the very first it had been evident that he meant to press home the assault with the utmost vigour upon all sides of the Palace at once.

Heavy battering-rams had been brought into action quite early in the day. By one o'clock it was manifest that the main attack would develop against the gate; for here, by reason of the breadth of the street, the enemy could assault upon a wider frontage.

Here was Idina, who continued, throughout the heat of the engagement, to encourage his gallant men to hold their ground.

Attack after attack was repulsed, until Punhri himself took command in person.

Having already weakened the defence, and greatly damaged the wall on both sides of the gate, he led up his reserves of picked men, nearly all of whom were priests from the various temples, armed not only with swords and bows and arrows, but also with slings capable of hurling stones.

The soldiers of the Bodyguard who held the gateway were hard pressed to hold their own; but it was not until late in the afternoon, when the walls crumbled on either side of the gateway, that they found themselves compelled to retire.

Great breaches had been made in several places, and when the whole wall itself gave way, the brickwork, which was as much as forty feet in height, descended with a roar that was like the bursting of a tidal wave, while a cloud of dust rose high into the air.

Punhri, resolved to strike while the iron was hot, immediately ordered the advance, and led his followers in person.

The gallant warriors who were under Idina's command were forced to retire across the gardens of the Palace. It looked then, as we have said, that the day was lost; but Idina, young though he was, now proved himself a worthy lieutenant of the mighty Dario.

He ordered his trumpeter to sound the retreat, having already sent a messenger to all parts of the line of defence to warn his officers to be ready to fall back at a moment's notice.

The retirement across the Palace gardens was carried out so swiftly and in so orderly a manner that there was little loss of life.

Idina himself knew well enough that they were come to the last ditch. The strong outer defences of the Palace having fallen, nothing remained but for him to attempt to defend the royal building itself.

Leaving one of his officers in command, he hastened back to the Royal apartments, where he found the Queen herself.

Though she was pale, she was calm and self-possessed, having more courage than many of her ladies, some of whom clung to one another in fear and trembling.

Idina saluted as he entered.

"They have gained the outer wall," said he. "I have come to warn the Queen that fighting must now take place within the Palace itself."

She answered in a calm voice.

"We know," she said. "What is it, Idina, that you desire us to do?"

"O Queen," said the other, "we will do all to save the Royal House

that human power can accomplish. No mortal can do more than die. The Queen herself can do naught to help us but pray that success attends our arms."

At that her face lit up. There was no sign of fear about her.

"Aye," she answered, "I will pray to the God of the Christians—the one God, all-powerful and all-knowing, in whom I have been taught to believe."

"And I too," said Idina.

Idina saluted again, by lifting a hand above his head, and then went from the room, down the great staircase at the end of the corridor that led from the Room of the Bath.

He had decided already that he would defend the main entrance, from which he and his men might retire by way of the inner staircase. Here the enemy would be compelled to advance upon a narrow frontage; and as the men of the Bodyguard were seasoned warriors, practised in war, Punhri could not hope to gain the interior of the Palace without great loss of life.

At the same time, Idina was fully alive to the fact that simultaneous attacks might be made upon both flanks.

There were many windows that were accessible by means of scaling ladders, as well as side doors for the use of officials, servants, and attendants. He therefore stationed small parties in various positions in the Palace, while with his main body he took up a position at the head of the courtyard steps.

Thither, wave after wave, like an oncoming and resistless tide, came Punhri and his followers, until the whole courtyard and the Palace gardens were choked with a press of shouting, frenzied men.

Punhri was not disposed to give the defenders time to reform their ranks. He was resolved to strike home; when the day was as good as won, while his men were elated with success.

His tall, thin figure appeared in the very forefront of the fighting. Brandishing a long sword above his head, he cried out in a loud voice that was audible even in the midst of that turmoil and confusion.

"To victory!" he cried. "Who follows Punhri, King of all Kandara?"

A shout arose, and the armed priests swept forward upon the Palace steps.

Then came a clash of arms. For a moment the two parties rocked and swayed in a hand-to-hand encounter, wherein men were so closely pressed together that they had no space to use their arms.

And then the priests were hurled backward. They were driven once more into the courtyard, where Punhri lost no time in reforming their shattered ranks in order to assault again.

For the man saw at a glance that the defence was sadly shaken. Many of the Royal Bodyguard were out of action, and Idina himself was badly wounded, though he still held to his post.

It needed but another attack to force the doorway of the Palace. Then, in truth, would Punhri be king.

But, at the very moment when the man gave the command to charge, a great cheer arose behind him; and turning, he beheld, to his consternation and amazement, in the shattered gateway of the outer wall, the glittering, golden armour of Dario the Captain of the Bodyguard.

Nor was Dario alone; for Henry Tremayne was on one side of him, and Neil Ranson and Fountain on the other. And at their backs were the stalwart, sturdy soldiers of the

Bodyguard. With a second cheer they swept down upon their foes.

Punhri was caught between two fires. He was given time neither to turn about to face this unexpected onslaught from the rear, nor to look about him for a method of escape.

Panic ensued upon the instant—panic which Dario and his men were not slow to turn to their advantage. Moreover, the rebels were now under fire from modern firearms; for both Neil and Fountain discharged their revolvers right and left.

Throughout the conflict Punhri had displayed the greatest courage; and now that his last hour was come, he turned upon his enemies like a wounded, infuriated tiger. Recognising that his cause was lost, almost mad with wrath, he turned sword in hand upon the first man that he encountered.

It was an ill hour for him that this was none other than Dario himself. Their bright swords flashed for an instant in the sunlight; and then Punhri, the Sorcerer, sank to the ground, lifeless and terrible. The great sword of Dario had done its work! And the day was won for the Queen.

CHAPTER 35 The White King

ON the death of the Sorcerer, the insurrection that he had stirred up came to a sudden end, and once again peace and order reigned in the city of Kandara.

And on a certain morning, four months after Punhri had been struck down by Dario in the midst of those shambles in the palace gardens, a large party wended its way from the city walls toward the mountains in the south.

Neil Ranson and Fountain had put off from day to day the date of their departure. In many ways they were both loth to go; for this lost country, where survived an ancient, and in some ways an enlightened, civilisation, was now a pleasant land in which to live.

Already, during these few weeks, Henry Tremayne occupied a position that was unique in the history of the nation. For he was both King and High Priest, the spiritual and the temporal leader of the people.

No motives of mere ambition had urged him to take upon his broad shoulders the weight of such a responsibility. He had married Queen Zarasis because from the first he had loved her, because she was willing to trust herself and her country to the greatest and the wisest man that she had ever known.

CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

Edited by Arthur Mee

This week's issue of the C.N.'s sister paper contains many splendid features which no C.N. reader should miss. Here are a few of the contents

How a Little Brain Beat a Great Bison

A Hunter's Way Out of a Desperate Plight

A Picture Journey Round the World

A Tour among the Ruins of Pompeii

Queer and Jolly Houses All Over the World

How the People Live in Other Lands

What is Happening in the Country-side Now

The Bran Tub

A Page that is sure to Interest and Amuse both Old and Young

Interesting Pictures from the Four Corners of the Earth

The Great Natural History Test

The bodies belonging to the C.N. heads will be found in the C.P.

EVERY TUESDAY EVERYWHERE

And Tremayne, in his big, generous heart, for her sake and because he loved humanity, had resolved to make the welfare of her people his one and only care.

Not only could he speak the language fluently, but he had attained such eloquence that the great meetings which he held in the Temple of the Sun were attended by thousands of people, who gathered to listen to the doctrine of Christianity.

It must not be thought that he succeeded in converting a nation in an hour. Paganism for centuries had held sway in Kandara. Many, more especially the priests who had thrived on superstition, were disposed to dispute the teaching of the preacher. But it was obvious to all who could see into the future that the White King, whom all people honoured and esteemed, would, in the end, carry the whole nation with him.

For he went the wisest way about it. He used gentle and eloquent persuasion; he patiently discussed questions of theology with the priests in public places, when he might have endeavoured to enforce the new religion by edicts and by threats, when he might have persecuted and oppressed those who would not acknowledge the one and only God.

He was heart and soul in this Christian work, as well as the regeneration of the country, the reconstruction of the laws, the establishment of a school of medicine, hospitals, the organisation of a police force, as well as a ministry of education.

It was quite plain to Fountain that Tremayne had found an outlet for his energies; but the little hunter himself was a man who could never remain for long in one place. Both he and Neil were anxious to get back to civilisation; and moreover, they could take a message from Tremayne to the outside world.

They set forth from Kandara with the object of opening up a line of communication across the mountains, and of making known their discovery of the existence of this buried, hidden city.

It was not until they had reached the crest-line of the mountains that Tremayne said good-bye to his friends.

"You came here to save me," said he, as he took John Fountain by a hand; "but it seems that you have saved a nation."

"Supposing," said the other, "that we never get through alive?"

Tremayne smiled, and shook his head.

"I have no fear of that," said he. "You are too old and too experienced an explorer. That you will find your way back to the Zambesi I have not the slightest doubt. And you will take my message to the world."

"And you really mean," said Fountain, "to remain here all your life?"

"All my life," said the other. "I have a life's work to do; and, with God's help, I will do it."

He turned, and laid one of his great hands upon Neil's shoulder.

"I owe everything to you," said he. "Had it not been for you, Zarasis would have been murdered, and Punhri would now have been reigning in Kandara. When you get back to civilisation remember me in the midst of my own people. And always think of me as working hard, and happy in my work."

And at that they parted, Fountain and Neil going down the mountain slope toward the dark forest that lay spread in the midst of a steaming haze as far as the eye could reach, Tremayne and those with him descending to the white city that lay spread at their feet upon the shore of the blue lake, calm and mirror-like in the tropic sunshine.

THE END

Five-Minute Story

The Cheetah Skin

THE Forest Rangers of British East Africa have all the woodlands in their charge, with the fine timber, and the fierce beasts that make their homes among the undergrowth.

Among these four-footed creatures the most formidable by far is the cheetah, the leaping brown leopard, swift and terrible. So great is the damage that he does among the mild-eyed family of the antelopes that there is a price upon his head. Once upon a time the value of a cheetah skin was much greater than it is today. But the cheetah has increased in numbers so rapidly that nobody will give more than seven shillings and sixpence for his skin.

Still, it pays the natives, even at this price, to help the Forest Rangers in ridding the woods of these unwelcome four-footed hunters, for there are plenty of cheetah skins to be had if a man has a ready spear or gun. But one day, when a new Forest Ranger had taken up his duties near Nairobi, a native came to him thinking he was so little-experienced that he would not know the proper price of a cheetah skin. "Here," he said, "is a fine skin, master."

"What do you want for it?" inquired the Forest Ranger.

"Twenty-one shillings, master. Only twenty-one shillings for this fine cheetah skin." And the native smiled to himself to think how he would deceive this silly white man.

But the Forest Ranger was not to be deceived.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "Twenty-one shillings, indeed! I'll only give you seven and sixpence, and you know that is all it is worth."

This was more than the native had expected. Muttering furiously to himself, he rushed from the Ranger's tent, and in a fit of revenge set fire to the forest. To be sure, he did not remain at liberty very long to enjoy his revenge. He was caught and brought back within an hour or two to the Forest Ranger's tent, where that official, who has the powers of a magistrate among the forest people, sat waiting for him.

Fortunately, the fire had been extinguished before much damage was done. But it was necessary to punish the malefactor. The Ranger looked at him sternly.

"Where is that cheetah skin you brought me yesterday?" he asked.

The native muttered that he still had it.

"And do you still think it is worth twenty-one shillings to me?"

"Yes, master," said the native.

A grim smile played about the Ranger's stern mouth.

"Very well," he said. "I shall fine you a guinea for setting fire to the forest, and you shall bring me the cheetah skin in payment of the fine."



How Sweet Your Garden Smells!



D! MERRYMAN

PUNCHY, aged three, had been having breakfast all by himself in the dining-room when he suddenly appeared at his mother's door.

"It's horrid to be cross, isn't it, Mummy?" he said.

"It is, dear."

"Well, I've upset my milk on the tablecloth again, Mummy; you won't be cross, will you?"

A Puzzle in Rhyme.

A PLACE where the miser deposits his gold,
Two-thirds of what all do, as often we're told;
To these add a place where the frugal swain
In summer-time labours to gather the grain.
These added together, you'll have your desire:
A town that is standing in famed Derbyshire.

Solution next week

Do You Live at Glamorgan?

GLAMORGAN means the dominion of Morgan, and Morgan was a tenth-century prince. No doubt he held sway in the area covered by the Welsh county.

WHEN are the streets of a town greasy?
When the rain is dripping.

Exactly

DURING a prosecution that followed a traffic accident one of the witnesses kept wandering away from the point. At last he was told that he must give a short and precise answer to every question put to him.

Then the cross-examining counsel proceeded:

"You drive a cart?"

"No, sir."

"But a moment ago you told us that you did."

"No, sir."

"Then for goodness' sake, what is your occupation?"

"I drive a horse."



The Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

AUGUSTUS and young Marmaduke, I'm very grieved to say, Put some pepper in the hat of Mr. William Grey.

"When he goes out," young Marmy cried, "he'll put it on his head."

"And won't we laugh to see him sneeze!" is what Augustus said.

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Jones, "I don't know what they're at."

I saw some naughty boys out there put something in your hat."

Mr. Grey took up his hat and went into the street,

And Gus and Marmy he caught and said: "I'll give you both a treat."

He tossed the pepper o'er their heads, fit fate for such as these,

And for an hour or more those boys did nothing else but sneeze.

WHY does time fly?

Because so many people are trying to kill it.

Contradictory Proverbs



A little bait catches a large fish



All fish are not caught with flies

The All-Clear Signal

THE Puffin exclaimed to the Coot: "There's a man, and I'm sure he will shoot, So I'm off! But if he Misses you, do you see, Tell the Owl, and he'll give me a hoot!"

WHAT precious stone is found in most of our English gardens? A-gate.

What Am I?

MY first is in porter but not in train,
My second's in Abel but not in Cain,
My third is in freezing but not in frost,
My fourth is in cancel but not in lost,
My fifth is in icy but not in cold,
My sixth is in telling and also in told,
My whole is an article long and round,
In every office and workshop I'm found.

Solution next week

The Jumper

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Peter worried his poor grandmother with his noisy games.

"Do be quiet, Peter; you tire me!" she said at last.

"How, Grandmother?" cried Peter, indignantly, mopping his forehead. "It is I who am jumping, and you who get tired!"

The Arithmetic Eoy

THE boy that by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction,
Who multiplies the things he knows,
And carries every fraction,
Who well divides his precious time,
The due proportions giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving.

YOUNG SCOTLAND

WHY is an egg like a horse?

Because you can't use it till it's broken.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? Battle

A Puzzle in Rhyme

A pipe—gas-pipes; water-pipes; to pipe—that is, to sing; a pipe, a musical instrument; a pipe of wine; a tobacco pipe.

Who Was He?

The Romantic Warrior was Hernando Cortes.

Jacko Goes Too Fast

MRS. JACKO was very proud of her new umbrella. It was a lovely silk one; Mr. Jacko had given it to her.

"It's almost a shame to use it," she declared. "I shall keep it for best occasions." And she put it away in a cupboard where she thought it would be quite safe, but one day Jacko got hold of it.

Mrs. Jacko had gone down to the shops, taking her old umbrella with her. And Grandpa Jacko, who was on a visit, suddenly said he wanted to go out.

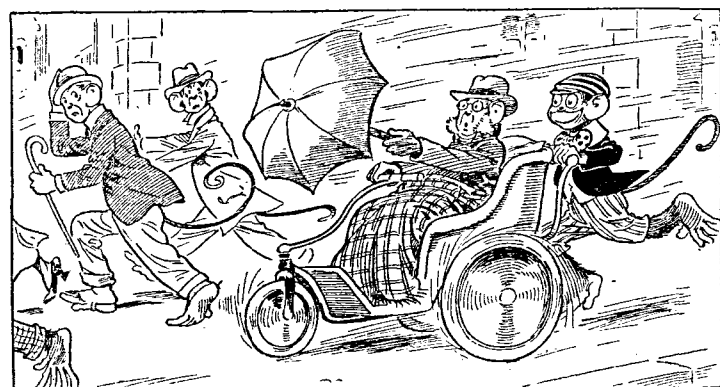
He called Jacko, and asked him to wheel him down to the shops in his bathchair, and Jacko had no objection at all. He knew it meant half-a-crown at least.

But just as they were about to start, Grandpa Jacko said he felt a drop of rain on his nose.

"Very trying indeed," he exclaimed testily. "Especially as I didn't bring my umbrella away with me."

He began to climb out of the bathchair again. But Jacko wasn't going to have his outing spoilt by a drop of rain. He dashed into the house and came back with a big rug—and Mrs. Jacko's beautiful new umbrella!

The rain didn't last very long, and Grandpa Jacko was soon able to put down the umbrella. But it was windy. Grandpa Jacko's hat blew off three times and Jacko had to run after it!



"Stop at once!" cried Grandpa

The wind was blowing in the direction they were going, and Jacko had a brain wave.

"If you held the umbrella in front of you, Grandpa," he said, "it would act as a sail, and we'd go along like wildfire."

The old gentleman thought they were going quite fast enough as it was! But he opened the umbrella, all the same. "It's hard work pushing," he said to himself, "and no doubt the umbrella will make a difference."

It certainly did. They went down the street at such a rate that the people scattered in all directions! And Grandpa Jacko was terrified. "Stop at once, you young rascal!" he shouted.

But Jacko couldn't stop. The wind was too much for him, and, worst of all, he couldn't see where he was going as the umbrella blocked the view.

"Put the sail down, Grandpa!" he yelled.

But the old gentleman wasn't quick enough. Suddenly there was a terrific crash.

They had run into Mrs. Jacko, who was on her way back from the shops with all her shopping parcels!

Fortunately she wasn't at all hurt, though she had sat down heavily on the pavement, and her parcels had gone in all directions. But the umbrella was ruined. And so was Jacko—when he had to buy his mother a new one!

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1925	1924
London	7014	7036
Glasgow	1959	1980
Birmingham	1372	1503
Edinburgh	657	673
Hull	457	517
Swansea	266	257
Norwich	178	172
Bournemouth	98	77
Exeter	86	91
Cardiff	82	79
Blackpool	81	101
Chester	68	49

The four weeks are up to March 28, 1925

Ici on Parle Français



La pompe La reine Le toit

Il va chercher l'eau à la pompe
La reine porte sa couronne d'or
Y a-t-il des nids sous ce toit?



Le pouding Un agent de police Le chaland

Bravo! on va servir le pouding!
J'ai peur de l'agent de police
Le chaland descend la rivière

Tales Before Bedtime

The Gipsy

WHEN Joanna was to stay with Granny in the town she was left all alone one day in the house while Granny went to visit a sick friend.

Joanna thought it would be very nice to polish and dust the little parlour as a surprise for Granny when she came home. So she found the furniture-cream, and rubbed and rubbed till the tables and chairs simply winked with shininess, and then there came a rat-tat at the door.

Joanna opened it, and there stood a ragged gipsy-woman with a basket full of lovely ferns in pots.

"Will you buy a fern, my little lady?" she asked.

How lovely the ferns would look on Granny's table, but Joanna had no money.

"I should love to buy one," said Joanna; "but my Granny is out, and I have no money to pay for them."

"Then give me an old coat for three fine ferns, my little lady. I've got four little ones at home hungry and crying with the cold."

There was a shabby old coat hanging in the passage; Joanna felt sure Granny would like to exchange it for three lovely ferns. She flew to fetch it, and the gipsy went off very pleased.

When Granny came home she was delighted to see such a shining parlour and such lovely ferns, but when she heard about her old coat, she cried, "Oh, Joanna, there was a pound note in the pocket that I



"Buy a fern, little lady?"

slipped inside to be ready for the grocer when he called. Oh dear—what expensive ferns they are!"

"Oh, Granny, I am sorry," said Joanna, beginning to cry, and at that moment they heard another rat-tat.

It was the gipsy-woman, and she had brought back the pound note which she had just found.

"I guessed the little lady didn't know it was there," she said, smiling.

Joanna smiled too. And so did Granny.

Granny was so pleased that she gave her hot tea, and filled her basket with nice things for the gipsy-babies, so everything ended happily after all.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

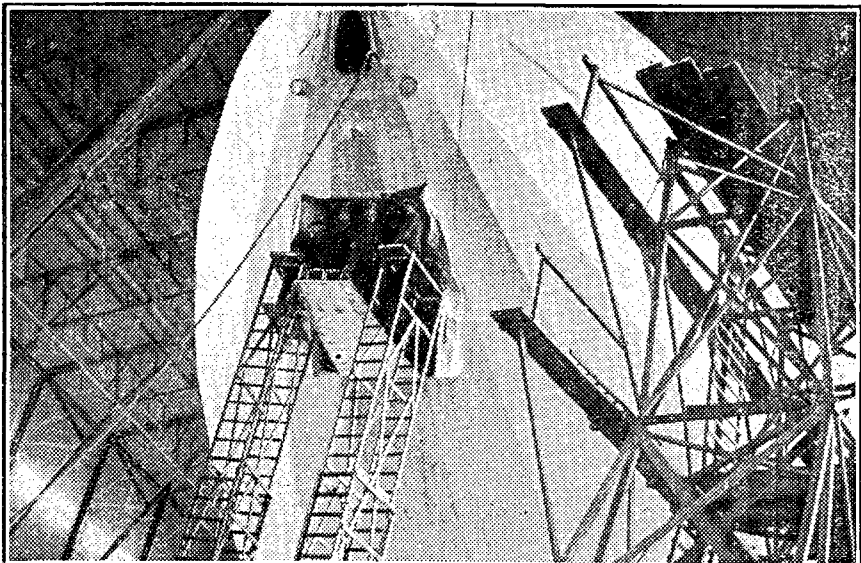
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April 25, 1925

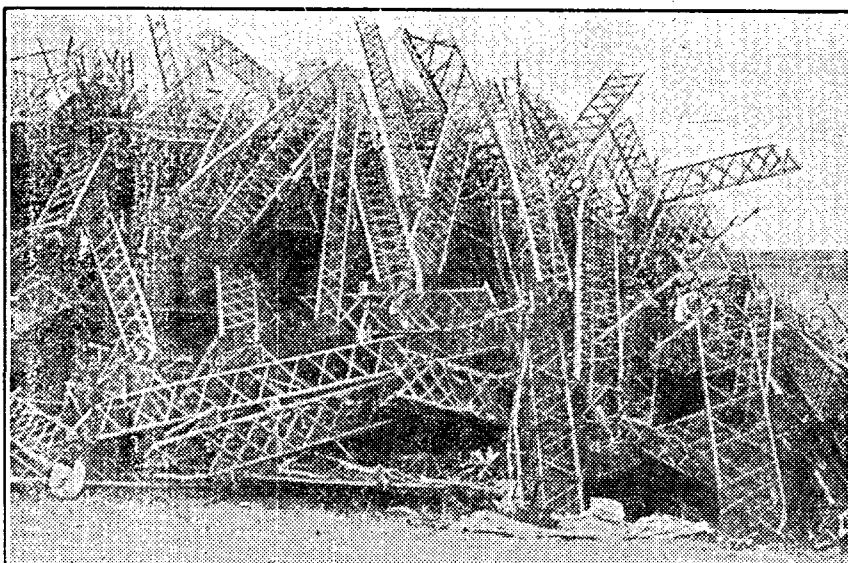
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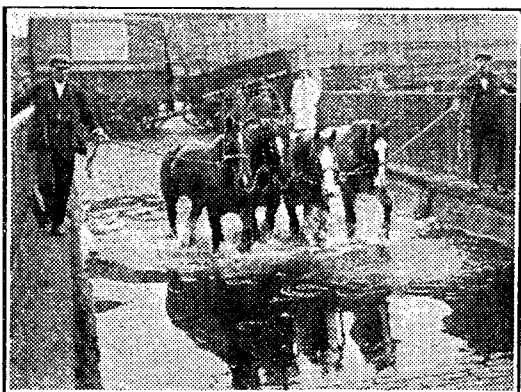
SCRAPPED AIRSHIPS · GETTING WEMBLEY READY · FISH FROM THE ARCTIC



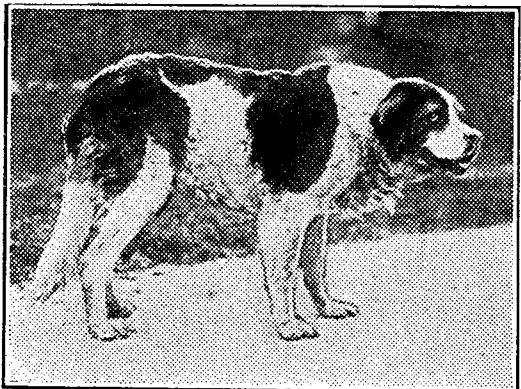
The Nose of a Giant—The British airship R 33, which has been reconditioned, has been making flights for scientific purposes. Here her immense hull is seen in the shed at Cardington, near Bedford. Workmen are adjusting the gangway by which the crew enter



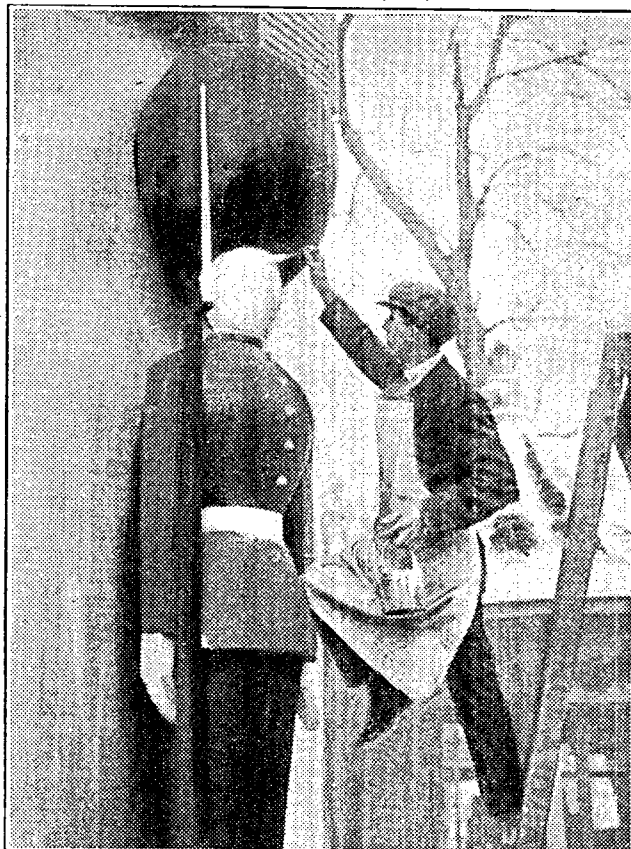
Airships on the Scrapheap—Building an airship is an extremely difficult and complicated business, many experiments having to be made before one successful ship is designed. This scrapheap contains the remains of some of the experimental airships built at Cardington



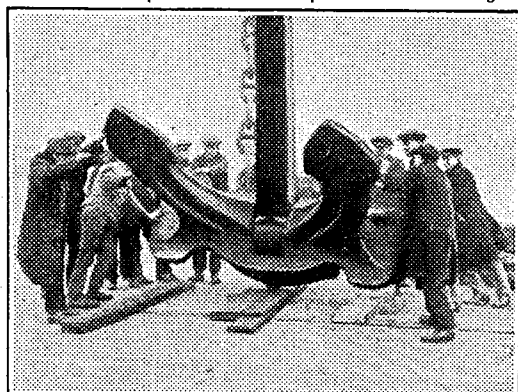
A Bath for Tired Horses—The L. & N. E. Railway's carhorses at the stables at King's Cross Station, London, are given a cooling foot bath every afternoon



The League of Nations' Dog—This fine St. Bernard, Bristo, lives at the headquarters of the League of Nations at Geneva, and 54 nations have a share in providing the funds that are necessary to feed him



Spring-cleaning at Wembley—The British Empire Exhibition at Wembley is being smartened up for its new season, which promises to be a very successful one, and here we see one of the Amusement Park's guard of wooden soldiers receiving a new uniform of paint



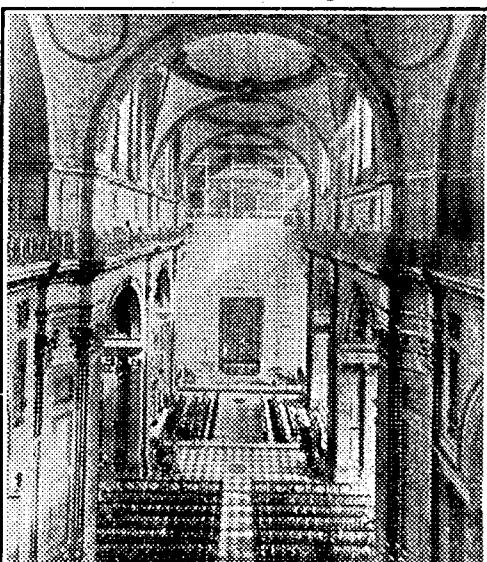
A Big Liner's Anchor—Here is one of the huge 15-ton anchors of the Majestic, the longest and deepest liner in the world, which was docked lately at Southampton



Egypt's Heir Apparent Goes for a Ride—Here is Prince Farouk, the heir apparent to the Egyptian throne, who recently celebrated his sixth birthday, going for a short ride in the Palace grounds in his little motor-car



An Arctic Harvest—Grimsby is a great port for the fishing trawlers working in Arctic waters, and here a fine catch of halibut from the White Sea is being laid out on the quay before being sent to market. The fish are sorted according to their size



St. Paul's as it is Now—This is how St. Paul's Cathedral will look for the next six years, during the time the repairs are going on. An altar has been erected in front of the hoarding shutting off the Dome area



A Big Family of Ducklings—This happy photograph was taken the other day on a poultry farm at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. While the big and hungry family is being fed, the dogs seem to be much less interested than the girl who is in charge of the birds

THE GREATEST MAN FOR A THOUSAND YEARS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MAY

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